Chimes of the Times and Other Rhymes

TOM BURGOYNE

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Chimes of the Times and Other Rhymes

By

TOM BURGOYNE

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no 1

Tom Burgoyne

If we do not see as we would
Let us strive to see as we should.

DEDICATION

To the sixty thousand brothers and sisters of our country over whose material sight the veil of darkness hangs, this book is cheerfully and hopefully dedicated.

NOTES OF GRATITUDE

The clever illustrations in this book were drawn by Mr. Charles M. Rosser, for many years connected with the *Chicago Journal.*

Mr. Rosser's home is in Maywood and the artist's heart is as large as his work is skillful. He offered his service and refused compensation.

The cover design is from the artistic mind of Mr. A. O. Ritzler, a Chicago artist, whose office is on State St., near Jackson Blvd. Mr. Ritzler's valuable work was also a donation.

Others to whom the author is indebted for gratuitous assistance in arrangement and proofreading, are Robert A. Stevens, Paul Yates, H. C. Ames, J. J. Wandas and John A. Davis. All live in Maywood.

PREFACE

To the readers of "Chimes of the Times and Other Rhymes" the writer desires to say:

This book contains the first three and one-half years' composition of a blind composer and writer as published weekly under the heading, "All Spice and Ginger," in a column known as Tom's Corner, in a small weekly news and advertising paper called The Booster which is distributed in nearly three thousand homes.

It also contains a number of other poems written by request for schools and organizations, and some that have not appeared elsewhere. Nearly every one who earnestly begins a piece of work has a definite purpose in view; he must have, or his work would soon result in failure.

The writer belongs to the majority of those who so begin, and in placing all the poems under one cover and giving them a name his purpose is threefold, and that the readers may better appreciate his efforts along the road to success, he will state what those purposes are:

First: The writer desires to teach the public that intelligence is not in material eyesight—many people do not seem to realize this truth—and those of the blind who are in daily contact with the masses frequently are forced to suppress a smile when they hear expressions that give evidence how deep rooted this thought is in the public mind. Many seem to wonder how it is possible that the blind can add 2 and 2 and get 4, and there are many other thoughts

almost as absurd. All the blind ask is a fair chance to demonstrate their ability, and after the first few months' shock wears away not many of them will be seen selling lead pencils or turning a hand organ, both occupations, however, being legitimate and showing willingness, effort and determination. It is not sympathy that the blind seek nor patronizing ways that they desire.

To be sure they appreciate a helping hand or pair of eyes to assist them over a busy crossing or an ice covered walk, but when the blind can work out their own problems in an independent way they are much more pleased and have advanced themselves for greater efforts in the future, and each victory gives them greater confidence to forge ahead.

The poems in this book were not written along a road of asphalt with roses and carnations blooming on either side. The writer had many discouragements, doubts and misgivings, but at no time did he heed the cry of these tri-disturbers and say to himself, I'll quit.

Intelligence is not in eyesight. The material eye sees material things, attracts the mind to the things seen and distracts it from the work at hand. Stern realities are best viewed in total darkness. If you would see more clearly, repair to a small room, close the door and draw the curtains.

You need not believe the words of the writer; his work is before you. Examine it closely; it was all done in darkness. He had never made use of a typewriter the forty-four years he had material sight, but every article was written as composed, on a cast-aside instrument that he has never seen; the work was all done in a small room with the curtains drawn, as it were.

Let no one be hasty in discrediting the statement of the so-called blind; they have used the real sight, which is intelligence.

Second: It is the writer's purpose to try and throw a ray of light across the pathway of those who have been thrown into material darkness and have

not yet found the way to extricate themselves from the shadows of gloom, helplessness and loneliness.

This he cannot hope to do with words of sympathy, lamentations and exhortations, but must give his suggestions in a sort of cold turkey style as it was handed to him a few years ago by a few of those who had plowed through the ruts and bumped over the bumps as must be done by all who would come into the fullness of their rights again.

Miss Anna Johnson of Chicago, secretary of The Association of the Blind, and state teacher, is one of those who has brought usefulness and contentment to many despairing souls. Miss Johnson passed into darkness when she was little more than a girl but continued her school work and received a diploma from the North Western University at Evanston.

Though Miss Johnson was a good student and is well informed on many subjects, the words fail and failure do not seem to have appeared in any form in the books she made use of, or if they did, she purposely overlooked them; she declares there are no such words.

Miss Johnson, in total darkness herself, teaches the blind to read with their fingers, write by the use of the touch system, how to crochet, weave baskets, make hammocks and other useful work, and is one of the most cheerful and determined teachers one can meet.

The writer, after many lessons, became thoroughly discouraged trying to learn to read by the Moon and Brail Systems, but not so with his teacher. One day she brought forth a small typewriter, explained how to use it, and left it with her pupil; he got busy, and before the teacher arrived again, he had memorized enough of the keyboard to write a letter to his mother, and from that time on, life in this old world looked more rosy. In a few weeks he purchased a second hand typewriter for his own use and the past four years it has been in almost daily use, but he can honestly say, that but for the untiring efforts of Miss Johnson, this book had never been written.

Mr. Fred Blotin, whom the writer met only once, gave him a dose of medicine that has done him more good than all the aid he received from Chicago specialists and other regular physicians. Mr. Blotin's remedy was not in pill nor powder form, neither did it come in box nor bottle, it was not given by mouth nor hypodermic, but came straight from a knowledge gained by years of experience, was administered rather bluntly, but with all good feeling, and it had its effect.

It is said that Mr. Blotin has never seen the light of day, and our first and only meeting was to bump into each other; we were soon acquainted, for each had heard of the other. Mr. Blotin expressed pleasure at the meeting, but the real benefit must have been all to the writer. Dr. Blotin said: "Don't be afraid to let them know that you are blind, you'll get bumps enough at that, but you'll learn to take them, after a while you will find out that it is a damn sight better to be knocking around in the dark than being in six feet of earth." The blunt words went straight home and stayed there, and have helped to pull the writer out of many deep ruts.

And now, brothers and sisters, for the balance of this article, allow me to draw a little closer and become a little more personal. The most downcast and hopeless among you can be no more discouraged and in deeper despair than was I six years ago, when almost without warning I found I must give up the line of work I had followed since a mere boy when I left the De Witt High School after one year's study there and went to work in the drug store of my home town.

My boy was but thirteen years of age and was in the seventh grade at school, our little girl was not yet eight, and the first month after I lost sight of her, she came down with a spell of heart trouble, which kept her on her back fourteen weeks, and my first work in darkness was to wheel her about the streets in a wheel chair, and she learned to guide me with gee, haw, much as the pioneers guided their oxen on the western prairies nearly a century ago.

Our boy grew up very fast and kept at his school work and got work to do to earn a few dollars evenings and during vacation time. Summer vacations have meant little to him. When he was thirteen, he delivered goods on his bicycle for a delicatessen store; when fourteen, he worked in a moving picture house; when fifteen, he worked at the American Can Company running a heading machine; when sixteen, he spent his summer vacation sorting mail in the Chicago post office, and when seventeen, he went back to the American Can Company. He graduated from the eighth grade at the Emerson school and finished Proviso High in the regular four-year course, graduating with the Class of 1920.

In high school he took to athletics and played with the baseball and football teams, and was a member of the football team that won the Suburban League Championship for light eights in 1918 and again in 1919, and for their reward the second year they were given a trip to Boston, Mass., to play at Marblehead. He is now on the sales force of a good Chicago house, and is doing well.

Our little girl got on fine after her six months of trouble and won back the six months lost from school. She graduated from the eighth grade at the Garfield school, class of January, 1921, and played the several songs her class sang and also was on the program for a piano selection, and her dad wrote, by request, the words of the class song they used, "Farewell Garfield," sung to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland."

She is now attending the same high school her brother graduated from, her first report card showing an average of 85 in her four studies and her second and third cards having an average of 89. These incidents are recited that you may know that it is not necessary that our children should suffer in any way through our so-called misfortune.

Mrs. Burgoyne, who for more than twenty years never found it necessary to look after bills for rent, fuel, light, groceries, milk or telephone, now found it a part

of her work to take over all this, and still worse, to try in some manner to cut the price of each down when war times were daily forcing all necessities up. But she managed in some way to make the grade and get well on toward the top of the hill, and still found time for a little of the social side of life.

And now a few words of my own efforts. For thirteen months after I went into darkness I did little but lose courage and flesh. I found that if I was not going to kick off, I must do something; several attempts to secure a job at selling drug articles with which I was familiar, failed. The latter part of October, 1915, I told my troubles to Mr. Fred Winter of Oak Park, dealer in all manner of post cards, booklets, etc. He prepared for me a number of Thanksgiving cards, ten in an envelope, to sell for ten cents per package.

November 1st I started out with a bunch of these cards in the knapsack used by my son when he was a member of the Boy Scouts. I sold cards, more cards, and still they went. I had to call up Mr. Winter for another supply. I went to the railroad stations in my home town and sat in the lobby of the moving picture house. Everyone seemed to want cards, and I sold nearly ten thousand Thanksgiving cards and then began on Christmas and New Year cards.

As soon as I began to show some interest in the world, people began to show an interest in me. It was pretty hard at times to start out on a cold morning and stand in the snow by the sidewalk, and it was also rather galling, for I had known better days for more than forty years, but it was all I could see my way to do then. Then the day came when I could sell no more cards about the depots and movie shows, so I got a small boy to start out with me to go from house to house.

Some people were very kind, some places I could hear the front door slam when the boy knocked and stated our business. Then I tried to get a permit to sell on the streets of Chicago, where trade seemed more promising, but I was not in the city limits, I knew no

alderman, the best I could get was a permit far out in a district hard to reach, and the permit was not used. Then I went to one of the stations of the Metropolitan Elevated Road. I had sold just two packages of Easter cards to the ticket seller, when I was told by one of the company's watchmen that I could not sell there, as the company did not allow peddlers of any kind. He put me on the first train west, and I came home very much discouraged and wondering if Blotin really was right.

Shortly after I began to sell postcards on the street, the boys of the Knights of Pythias, an organization in which I had held membership for more than twenty years, secured permission of Dr. Miller, owner of the Yale theatre, to install a small cigar, tobacco and candy case in the lobby of the theatre. They also aided in securing new cases which placed on the tile floor of the lobby gave me an attractive stand.

For one year I was at this stand every evening and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, and while this occupied a part of my time, furnished me with some amusement from the music in the theatre, it was not a financial success. It was every month growing more necessary to find something more remunerative, and in the fall of 1916 I secured permission to build a small building, 8 x 9 feet, at the station of the electric road just a few feet from where I had formerly owned a drug store. To this place I moved the fixtures I had used at the theatre, and Mr. Harry Page, to whom I had sold my drug business, gladly consented to turn over his newspaper business to me.

This was in November, 1916, and every day since that time, including Sundays and holidays, I have been at my place of business. I have tried to secure larger quarters in this location, but so far have not been successful.

You may often hear these words, cheer up, don't be discouraged, don't worry, always well meant, but they will frequently sound like mockery, for there is nothing back of them upon which to build cheerfulness, nor dis-

couragement's opposite. And any honest person who has been the main provider for his family, cannot help but worry when he is suddenly taken from his occupation and feels that he has become helpless and dependent.

But no matter how helpless you may feel, you have much more help close at hand than you have ever supposed possible. Self-reliance is the greatest of all helps, not the self-physical, or bodily self, as physiology would describe, but your inner self, which is your real self, and a part of all that really exist.

In this great reality you will find life, health, strength, and if you can learn to live in the consciousness of continuous life and health, you will find it much more beneficial than to live in the continuous fear of disease and poverty.

Friends, I am not saying these things as a preacher, but rather as a teacher, for I assure you with all sincerity that there is absolutely no comparison in my mental and physical condition today and five years ago.

This book is proof of my mentality, and I have gained in weight of the physical man from 127 lbs. to 174, and I have not had a day's vacation for nearly eighteen hundred days.

Several physicians I number among my very best friends, but I have not consulted any of them in a professional way for five years, and I have not taken a single grain of any drug or remedy the past four years, although I spent more than a quarter of a century behind the prescription counter.

We can do much to build ourselves up mentally and physically and I am not sure but what we may learn to restore normal eyesight. So as one who has bumped over the bumps, I will say, be of good cheer. You may get bumps, and some of them may be hard to take. They may come from the very place where you would expect your greatest help and encouragement. Those about you may become more despondent and humiliated than you, if so, it will be a part of your work to bring some degree of cheer and comfort to them. But no matter how dark

the day, there will be a rift in the clouds before night, the sky will show through, but cheer up, it will not fall.

It is the writer's purpose with the sale of this book to regain, in so far as possible, the financial loss he has sustained the past six years, that he may have same to use when rainy season comes to stay. While he has been steadily on the job for many days, his place of business is small, his stock small, his profits small, hence his earnings must of necessity be small.

And in concluding the story of the purpose for which this book is intended, the writer would say that he believes that those who purchase a copy of this book will be well paid for their investment. He also believes that this book will become historical, at least among the blind, and for that purpose he has often mentioned names and dates so that anyone wishing to investigate will have little difficulty in securing the proof desired.

And to the readers of this work, any of whom may meet with discouragement and despondency, the writer's last words will be a verse from Memory's corner where it has been stored since he was a school boy. The verse is priceless and is given without extra charge, its good is also unlimited and you can give it away ten thousand times and still retain it. It has helped the writer, it has helped others, it will help you.

There is never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears,
There is never a life so happy
But has its time of tears,
But the sun shines all the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

It shall ever be the writer's wish that his readers will derive great good, much pleasure, from the poems in "Chimes of the Times, and Other Rhymes."

The writer,

TOM BURGOYNE.

HOW THE POEMS IN THIS BOOK CAME TO BE WRITTEN

Many years ago when the writer was but a child, there appeared in his make up a liking for verse. This liking developed as he grew older, and in his early school days to memorize a poem was but to read it over a few times. The hundreds of times he has sang in public he very seldom used the printed words or music.

When writing Thanksgiving letters to his mother, as was his custom every year after leaving home, he wrote two of these letters in verse nearly forty years ago. These letters were kept very sacredly by his good mother to her last days, and are now in the care of his sister.

One of these was entitled "A Dream," and was a reminiscence of days on the farm, the days that his mother often said were the happiest time of her life.

These letters do not appear in this book, as there is nothing reproduced here except what was written in darkness.

January, 1918, was, according to the government weather bureau of Chicago, the coldest month on record in Chicago. It was one continuous round of snow storms and zero weather. Train, street cars and wagon traffic were blocked by great banks of snow even in the heart of the city. The writer sat in his little shack these thirty-one days with little to do, as there were days at a time that trains were blocked on the road that run by his door, and there were days at a time that no papers could be had.

February 1st the writer sat down at his typewriter and ran off the lines of "An Undesirable Month," and

mailed them to Mr. E. A. Cogley, of the *Maywood Herald Recorder.* This poem was published in the next issue of *The Herald* and it made a hit. Many readers of *The Herald* dropped in to congratulate the writer. The following week Mr. F. A. Zuggenbuehler, who printed a small advertising folder called *The Booster,* asked the writer to contribute something for his paper. Upon being asked what should be written, he answered, "Write any blooming thing you want to, but write something."

In the next issue of *The Booster* appeared the poem, "Less and Less," another piece of nonsense that took well. Shortly after, upon being asked again to write for *The Booster,* the writer suggested that a space be set aside and designated as Tom's Corner, and he would try and write something each week that would at least be of local interest.

The *Booster* manager followed out this suggestion and accepted the offer, and as a Liberty bond issue was due, the first regular weekly contribution to Tom's Corner was "The Call of the Bells," and for the past three years and a half the readers of *The Booster* have found "Tom's Corner" filled. These poems have been read by thousands, many of these little papers were mailed to the boys in war camps, at home and over the sea, and some of them were read in the trenches in far away France. For the writer's three and one-half years' work his material compensation has been very small, but this work has brought him more new friends than any other one thing he could have done, and it has brought him many hours of pleasure when writing.

Again we are reminded of the old adage, "Giant oaks from little acorns grow." The publications of these poems in the little *Booster* has made this book possible and has also made the writer's success possible, for in no other way could he have reached even a limited number of readers.

Many of the best magazines and nearly all of the newspaper publications contain verse and we frequently wonder how some of them get into print, but no doubt

they furnish amusement for someone. Dozens of the poems in this book have been sent to magazines and newspapers by the writer and his friends, and at no time did they ask or expect compensation for same, but for more than three years they were (with two exceptions) either returned with the ready print refusal or found lodgings in a convenient wastebasket.

Two of these received personal replies, they were from large newspaper publishers, and one savored of egotism and the other of insolence. One of our greatest editorial writers, in a well-worded editorial, told of the great work accomplished by those who were physically handicapped. He mentioned the blind Milton, the deaf Beethoven, and a soldier who performed wonder service on the battlefield after he had been severely wounded.

From a thought suggested by another of his editorials a few days later, the writer wrote a poem and mailed to him, with a letter stating the writer's own misfortune and the work he was doing. In a few days the poem was returned with the information that the editorial writer was a very busy man, that he was writing for several newspapers and had no time to review manuscript. The time necessary to have read this poem would have been about four minutes.

While the editorial writer could beautifully quote history, he was not great enough to pause a moment, look down from his high pinacle and lend a word of encouragement to a blind writer of the present day who had just placed the toes of his left foot on the lower round of the ladder.

The second poem that received personal attention was one which would have amused thousands of readers at the time, and which was submitted to several readers of the publication before it was sent in and was headed thus, "Written especially for the Chicago ———— and donated for the pleasure of the ———— readers." After three weeks it was returned with this information: "We do not purchase poetry for the Sunday ————."

These letters the writer still has on file, and all the

poems rejected, including the two just mentioned, are to be found in this book. A number of small country newspapers have printed these poems from time to time, but not until three months before this book was completed did the writer receive recognition from a large newspaper publication.

In June, this year, members of the *Chicago Daily News* staff were attracted by a poem published in the *Booster*. The subject was one of national interest and the *Daily News* asked permission to reprint same, publish same and use the writer's name. Consent was given, and on June 16, 1921, the *Daily News* gave the writer a large headline write-up and reprinted his poem, "The Speedless Hospital." Two months later the *Daily News* again gave the writer a good headline and with comments of their own, printed for the readers' amusement, a letter which was not written in rhyme.

So we must be patient, for if a good thought springs up in the depth of the pathless forest, it will some day in some way find its way to the light. And again, it may be that those who so persistently ignore our efforts, and repeatedly turn us down, have unknowingly and unintentionally assisted us, for if a game is won before it is played, there is little of interest for the players or amusement for the lookers on. Hundreds have asked "why do you not get your work in the publications that have a wider circulation?" The question asked by hundreds is here answered to thousands. This book is the answer.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE POET'S CAREER

Thomas Edward Burgoyne, the composer of the poems in this book, was born August 12, 1870, on the farm home of his parents in Welton township, Clinton county, Iowa, and is the youngest of seven children, five sons and two daughters.

His father, Robert A. Burgoyne, and his mother, Elizabeth Crook, were natives of Devonshire, England. They came to America in the 50's and were among the early settlers of Davenport, Iowa, moving a few years later to the farm near Welton, where they resided until the summer of 1889, when they retired from farm life and moved to a modern and substantial home at De Witt, Iowa, and there passed the remainder of their days, having celebrated their golden anniversary a few months before the passing of Mr. Burgoyne, February 22, 1906.

The writer's mother passed on in March, 1917, in her 90th year. This farm home contained 320 acres, and the writer, like all small children, found plenty of work to do at an early age. As he had four older brothers to do the field work, much of his time was given up to herding cattle, and choring about the barnyard.

His early school days were spent at the district school a mile away, a picture of which will be seen on another page. This was the second school house in the township and was built the year before the writer was born.

At the age of sixteen he left the farm and attended the public school at De Witt, and graduated from the

grammar class in June, 1887. The same year he entered the high school at De Witt, but the following spring J. B. Webb, a druggist in the town, was looking for a boy to learn the drug trade, and the principal of the high school pointed out the young lad from the country, and he at once left his high school studies and accepted the druggist's offer.

In March, 1890, he left the employ of the druggist after nearly three years' stay, and entered the Chicago College of Pharmacy, where he continued his study of pharmacy until April, 1892, when he passed the Illinois state examination for Registered Pharmacist and secured a position in the drug store of W. C. Garwood, Evanston, Ill.

In January, 1893, he went to Melrose Park, a suburb of Chicago, and opened up a small drug store and began to grow with the town.

In 1896 he took an active part in the Republican presidential campaign; he was appointed postmaster of Melrose Park in December, 1897, and was twice reappointed and resigned the position May 1, 1907, to again accept a position in Evanston, and a year later purchased a drug store in Maywood, and continued in the business until forced to give up in February, 1915.

On June 15, 1893, the writer was united in marriage to Elizabeth Caroline Butterfield of De Witt, Iowa, at the home of her parents, Capt. and Mrs. Dennis G. Butterfield.

Miss Butterfield was a classmate of the writer's during his school days at De Witt, and after their marriage they at once left for Melrose Park, Ill., which was their home for the following fourteen years. Three children were born of this union, Kathaleen, who passed on in babyhood, Harold, who is now a young man of 19, and Dorothy, 14, both of which have been mentioned elsewhere in this book.

For the writer to say all the good things that he could write about his classmate of thirty-three years ago, his sweetheart of more than thirty years ago, and his

life companion of nearly thirty years, would be to make this part of his book larger than the part containing the 200 poems which follow, so he will try and give the reader some idea of his feelings by using a four-line verse not original with the writer, and which he has never made use of before.

To know her is to love her,
And love but her forever,
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made another.

The home of the writer and his family, for the past thirteen years, has been, and still is, at 1601 South 6th avenue, Maywood, Ill. The house is small, but the grounds are roomy and with many large shade trees, making it very comfortable, well kept and has many welcome callers, young and old.

In the spring of 1893 Melrose Park Council 104, Royal League, was organized by the young men of Melrose Park and Maywood, and the writer became a charter member of this organization and has continued in good standing to the present day. He is the possessor of a Past Archon's jewel, which is a token for services given by the council to all who pass through the chair of Archon.

In 1895 Melrose Park Lodge No. 530, Knights of Pythias, was instituted and again the writer became a charter member of a local organization. He was one of its first past chancellors and was twice sent as a local representative to the Grand Lodge. He is still a member in good standing, carries insurance in both of these organizations.

In our best days these organizations are fine for social features, and when the cloudy or rainy season arrives, as it does in greater or lesser degree to all, the members of these orders are ever on deck and they do not wait to be sent for. Without the moral and financial support of these orders, the writer and his family

would hardly have known where to turn six years ago. There is also a pleasure in being in position to aid others, and this you can do in whatever order you cast your lot.

Could I turn back the hands of time,
And live again the past,
I'd choose again the same old pals,
And hold them true and fast.

THE UNDESIRABLE MONTH

Good-bye, old January,
You've made an awful fuss;
For thirty-one long weary days
You've rubbed it into us.
You started in right off the bat
To make the welkin ring;
And to us frozen, half-starved boobs,
You didn't do a thing.
For old bewhiskered pioneers
You've surely spilled the beans;
No more will they stand around spinning yarns
Of other climes and scenes.
You've piled the snow up mountain-high,
Drove mercury down low;
At sixty miles or more an hour
Your frigid winds did blow.
You were careless, heartless, soulless,
You were chilly, cold and rough;
Good-bye, old January,
Yes, you've been mighty tough.

Good-bye, old January,
The children going to school
Have been delayed in earnest work,
While you just played the fool.
They welcomed you with trumpets loud,
And Happy New Year cries,
But you acted like a bully
With someone half your size.
You stalled the trains, and stopped the cars,

At sixty miles or more an hour your frigid winds did blow

And tied things in a knot;
And all glad greetings given to you
You very soon forgot.
And every kind of heating plant,
In town and country too,
Though working steadfast day and night,
Alas, could not faze you.
Your victims numbered by the score,
Are lying cold in death;
And in the face of helpless babes
You blew your icy breath.
You were a villain, traitor, knave,
And made our hearts feel sad;
Good-bye, old January,
Yes, you've been awful bad.

Good-bye, old January,
Don't think that we'll forget;
Though you may now be through with us,
We're not through with you yet.
Your punishment, you may escape
If by this cold and snow,
A gladsome spring arrives on time,
And crops of all kinds grow.
But if the summer rains are cold,
And song birds give no cheer,
And blossoms spread no fragrance sweet
Because you once were here,
Then, we shall call Old Father Time,
And see what he can do;
If eleven months can make a year,
We'll soon be through with you.
We'll call one big election,
You loveless, ruthless chap,
Then, January, we'll say good-bye for good—
We'll vote you off the map.

LESS AND LESS

The Booster man asked me to write,
Of what he did not say;
But we should boost with all our might,
Good things that come our way.
A little nonsense, now and then,
At least so I've been told,
Is relished by the best of men,
Young, middle aged and old.
When reading this be of good cheer,
And unkind thoughts forbear;
I write of things as they appear,
On land, on sea, in air.
So I shall have to write, I guess,
Of all things growing less and less.

Some years ago we heard with awe
About those horseless carriage things,
And soon them zipping by we saw,
Less head, less tail, less legs, less wings.
And then Marconi, through the air,
By efforts that were tireless,
From o'er the ocean said, "Ah, there;"
And did it with the wireless.
Far out upon the waters blue,
We see the monstrous sail-less ships;
Let's hope that not to me or you
Shall ever come the kissless lips.

The chainless bicycles we had,
Rode by our heedless, careless boys;
And smokeless powder, fired by dad,
From guns that made a crackless noise.
A cloudless day with sunless skies
We cannot have at the same time;
But Putnam made some fadeless dyes,
Which helps me with this silly rhyme.
Chicago's West Side baseball games
Were managed by some headless dubs,
But Chance, a peerless leader came,
Won countless pennants for the Cubs.

Now dauntless men in faultless planes
Do reckless stuntlets for our mirth;
Loop trackless loops and for their pains,
Fall headlong lifeless to the earth.
And wifey, guileless as a Turk,
Sets out a supper good to see;
The fireless cooker did the work
While she hiked to the matinee.
And all should wear a laurel wreath
Who help dispel our endless woes;
For now we can have acheless teeth,
We hope soon to have cornless toes.

And now the wheatless, meatless days
And heatless, sweetless, eatless hours,
While through the wooded pathless ways
The leafless trees and shadeless bowers.
Corn-beefless cabbages we meet,
And porkless beans, still worse, still worse;
For topless costs of things we eat
Have now produced the coinless purse.
And in the fuel-less stove,
And in the basement, coal-less bins;
While men give priceless feed, by jove,
To cackless, cluckless, eggless hens.

And yet, this countless, endless chain
Of boundless thoughts which I express
Are useless; for I say again,
Things still will grow on, less and less.

CALL OF THE BELLS

The school bell welcomes the children gay
As forth to their tasks they go,
And the church bell tolls the knell of day
When the evening sun is low.
And the plowman smiles as the dinner bell
Proclaims it is twelve o'clock,
And the bell-weather's silvery tinkles tell
Where the shepherd can find his flock.
But the Liberty Bell now hails the breeze
And its tones are clear and bright,
It sends us a message, its words are these:
"Stand steadfast for truth and right."
Yes, the Liberty Bell rings o'er our land
And its tones are strong and steady,
And it says, "Give Our Uncle a Helping Hand,
His Liberty Bonds are ready."

NOTHING LOST

We've lost an hour, people say,
But, good folks, we should worry;
We've wasted days and weeks and months,
In fume and fuss and flurry;
We set our clocks ahead one hour,
And here's what happened then—
In just a twinkling we had jumped,
From nine o'clock to ten;
But in about six months, when we
Have saved a bunch of "jack,"
We'll flip the hands from ten to nine,
And get that hour back.

April 12, 1918.

OUR FALLEN HEROES

They die not in vain, our brave heroes in battle,
For peace, love, truth, honor and justice they fight.
They smile as they fall mid the noise, din and rattle,
The bursting of shells, and the swords gleaming bright.
In Freedom's defense they have crossed the broad ocean,
In Liberty's name, they have answered the call;
They fear not the foe when in action and motion,
And glory surrounds our brave boys as they fall.
They die not in vain, when stern duty prevaileth,
They heed no cruel Tyrant with infamous bands,
They will wrest by their might from the power that assaileth,
Those tortures of Hell, from the Devil's own hands.
When peace once again rules on earth and o'er waters,
When Freedom and Liberty forever shall reign,
When all is made safe for wives, mothers and daughters,
We shall know to the fullest *they died not in vain.*

April 19, 1918.

OVER THE TOP

(This poem was inspired by Maywood reaching her quota of $150,000 on the third bond issue on Friday of last week. The subscription is now beyond $200,000. Maywood received the honor flag last Saturday.)

Let's shake your neighbors by their hands,
And slap them on their backs,
And they should do the same with us,
For we are cracker jacks.
Our Uncle Samuel called for cash,
And we all heard him shout;
So we all dug down deep and turned
Our pockets inside out.
One Fifty Thousand was the mark,
And with a might flop,

We did not only reach the heights,
But vaulted o'er the top.
This plainly shows what can be done
When no one halts or slacks,
And we could joint the circus clowns
As first class jumping jacks.
The Booster utters grateful thanks,
The poet sings his praise
Of all who strive to do their bit
Throughout these warring days.
So blow the bugles, bang the drums,
And fling the banners wide;
Unfurl the flags of Liberty
And Honor side by side.
And we must always stand behind
Our boys across the sea;
Our Uncle Sam some pumpkins is,
And, by jinks, so are we.

May 3, 1918.

A SOLDIER'S REQUEST

Weep not for me, a soldier wrote,
If later I should fall,
Just know that I have done my best,
Be glad I did, that's all.
Mourn not in spirit or in dress,
Though sometimes your heart yearns;
My life is an investment
Which, I hope, will bring returns.

Weep not for me, the letter read,
And ere the letter came,
Among those who had sacrificed
His friends beheld his name.
So we must hide our pain and grief,
For lives so nobly given,
Such sacrifice brings good on earth,
And gains reward in Heaven.

May 10, 1918.

THE GERMAN SLACKERS

Old Kaiser Bill has six grown sons,
Yes, six grown sons, you bet.
He had them long before the war,
And he has got them yet.
Five million sons of Germany
Are numbered with the dead,
But Bill and his bunch still hang back,
And push more up ahead.
Two million sons, about sixteen,
Now fight against their will;
But then, that does not matter much—
They don't belong to Bill.
If war should go on ten years more,
And twenty million die,
Old Kaiser Bill and his six sons
Will still be rolling high.

May 17, 1918.

IN MEMORIAM—MAY 30

Honor our heroes who long have departed,
Honor them kindly, with words and with flowers.
Speak of them always with love and devotion,
They won the Liberty that has been ours.

Honor our heroes who fought the fight bravely,
Mark their green graves with the flag they loved dear;
Let all the little ones hear the great story,
They won the Freedom that ever is here.

Honor our heroes, yes, honor them gladly,
They made our Government strong, safe and sure;
Learn from their good works and follow their teaching,
They kept Old Glory unspotted and pure.

May 24, 1918.

THE BUSY MAN

Don't ask me foolish questions,
Or tell your troubles now,
I'm busy as a humming bird
Or man who drives the plow.
I do not run a factory,
I do not own a shop;
I'm not a politician,
I'm not a sparrow cop.
I'm not a village blacksmith,
I do not run a mill;
I do not own a brewery
Or operate a still.
I'm not a doctor, lawyer,
A hypnotist or teacher;
I'm not a nimble acrobat
Or yet a so-called preacher.
I'm not a barber, tailor,
Or fancy window draper,
But I am sure some busy gink—
I'm writing for a paper.

May 31, 1918.

WELCOME, JUNE

We hail thee, balmy, lovely June,
With gladsome, cheerful rhyme;
The month that Spring departs in glee,
The birth of Summertime.
When flowers, fruits and birds come forth,
In joyous, merry throng;
When nightingale and robin
Warble love notes, all night long.
We welcome thee, O gayest month,
More than all time besides;
The month of blooming roses,
The month of budding brides.

"When flowers, fruits, and birds come forth
In joyous merry throng"

"June"

When forests, fields and brooklets
Hum a glad, harmonious tune,
Sweet are thy ways, bright are thy days
Dear balmy, happy June.

WRECKING THE SPEED LIMIT

I heard a rumble on the street,
That swelled into a roar,
My windows rattled, cases creeked,
And slam-bang went my door.
I rushed outside to ascertain
What caused the dreadful jar,
A friend said, don't be frightened, boss,
'Twas Sweeney in his car.

Now should your parkway seem ablaze,
Or should your pavement smoke,
Or should your house begin to rock,
Just take it as a joke.
Don't grow hysterical and faint,
Don't worry, fret and cry,
You'll find if you investigate,
'Twas Sweeney passing by.

June 14, 1918.

GIVING THEIR ALL

Do you read of our boys who have crossed o'er the sea,
And follow them on, step by step.
You will find them as brave as the bravest can be,
They are cheerful, and chuck full of pep.
They have cancelled the mortgage they had upon life,
And nothing of fear do they know
As they fly to their duty high up in the clouds,
Or battle with guns far below.
The spirit of honor, of justice and right,
Gives courage and strength to each mind,

And the spirit of love is in every lad's heart
For the homes they have left far behind.
They are fighting for us, they are fighting for all,
Their manhood and strength they have hurled
Against foul Prussian minds which, if left unrestrained,
Would destroy all of good in this world.
We swell up with pride, when we speak of our gifts,
And we frequently make quite a fuss,
But, should we give our all, we are still giving less,
Than these boys are giving for us.

June 21, 1918.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

Hurrah for Independence Day,
The 4th of July.
We never yet did quite forget
To whoop it up sky high.
'Twas on this day that Georgie Wash
Threw out a bit of sass,
And told old, squatty Johnnie Bull
To keep off of the grass.
And now, across the waters deep,
A message has gone straight,
The kaiser and his wrecking crew,
Are told to pull their freight.
So let us from the mountain tops,
And woods, and vales and streams,
Fly high the flags, and ring the bells,
While loud the Eagle screams.
And whang the drums and load the guns,
And let us blaze away,
And show the whole world what we mean
By Independence Day.

June 28, 1918.

WHY—ANSWERED

Why do we go on all unseeing,
With so much of beauty to see?

And why still live on without thinking,
When thought is so boundless and free?
Why know we so little of gladness
With joy overspreading the land,
And why so much rupture and discord
With harmony ever at hand?
Why bow we to anger and malice,
Pain, grief, sorrow, envy and fear?
Why yield to disease, death and hatred,
When health, life and love are all here?
Why worry of want and starvation?
Why should woe, strife and evil befall,
When an all-wise and loving Creator
Hath made peace and plenty for all?
Why, why, and still why, is the question.
If we banish it, it will return,
Man doth not know HIMSELF, is the answer,
So it's time to get busy and learn.

July 5, 1918.

THE WOEFUL MAN

The kaiser's days are filled with gloom,
His God don't seem to work,
For failure stalks with all his aids,
Hun, Austrian and Turk.
The Prussian's strength is tottering,
The Prussian's heart is sore,
The Prussian's mind unwillingly
Is changing slow but sure.

His God of cruelty, wrath and hate,
To which the Kaiser prays,
Can bring the whole world naught but hell,
For that is his God's ways.
The God of Liberty and love,
Of justice and of right,
Is sweeping on, and on, and on,
With Freedom's happy light.
And so the kaiser and his God,
In pain and grief must go,
And that is why his face is sad,
And he is filled with woe.

July 12, 1918.

OUR FUTURE GUARDIANS

How thankful we are that vacation is here,
And our little tads trotting about,
They are merry and free as the birds in the tree,
As they sing and they laugh and they shout.
Their books are laid by and their school work is o'er,
'Till the cool autumn days come again,
So they chase the wild bee and the gay butterfly,
And are happy in sunshine or rain.
They gather the wild flowers from woodland and field,
And each day they find plenty to do,
And a knowledge from Nature's own bounteous store,
They glean from woods, meadow and zoo.
So throw them a kind word and toss them a smile,
And help to make glad their vacation,
For in a few years, oh how busy they'll be,
Looking after our glorious nation.

July 19, 1918.

OFFICE NUMBER 6

He's here and on the job again,
A-rounding up the slackers,
But we are pleased to state the search
Is almost fruitless here.
We'd like to have him try his skill
A-hounding down the packers,
For they have pulled some awful stunts,
Nor God nor man they fear.

He's here and there and everywhere,
Old Number 6 is busy,
He's striving hard to do his bit
To push this world along.
They say he's Johnnie on the spot
With his brand new tin Lizzie,
He soon will join his brother Joe
To sing their yodel song.

July 26, 1918.

ONE OF OUR MILLION

A boy stood on the firing line,
When all his comrades fled,
He wiped the smoke from out his eyes
And saw them far ahead.
He broadly smiled and gripped his gun,
And said, "I thought as much."
He then hot-footed after them
To help them trim the Dutch.

FADING AWAY

No more we hear "Hi lee, hi lo,"
No more "Die Wacht am Rhine,"
Nor Schneider's "Dog mit ears cut long
Und tail cut short behind."
You'll find down at the old Berghoff
No more the waiters shout:
"Ein schmierkæse und kartoffel salat,
Pork shanks mit sauerkraut."
The Bismarck and the Kaiserhof
Have changed their names, we hear,
And soon there'll be no Edelweiss,
Nor Schlitz nor Pilsner beer.
And when we go out shopping
It's easy to be seen
That goods marked "Made in Germany"
Are few and far between.
And there are many changes
That I do not now recall,
This war is fierce, but still it has
Its good points after all!

August 2, 1918.

OUR SAFETY VALVE

Tramp, tramp, tranmp,
Oh hear the sound,
As o'er the stony street,
The echoes now resound.
Hep, hep, hep,
They're full of pep,
They're all in step.
This Order is immense—
It is Our Military Guard,

The National Defense.
Trum, trum, trum,
Oh hear the drum,
Our youngster's band is leading them,
As down the street they come.
Grand, grand, grand,
With guns in hand,
This great command,
Will guard us well, you bet;
But, boys, when you're saluting,
Please duck your cigarette.
Forward march,
They're on their way,
And waving in the summer breeze
Our colors bright and gay.
Right, right, right,
For that they'll fight,
And Right is might
Where Liberty is King.
So give our Home Guard boys a boost,
And loud their praises sing.

August 9, 1918.

WE HOOVERITES

We Hooverize on sugar,
    On butter, flour and meat,
On hamless eggs and porkless beans,
    And everything we eat.
We Hooverize on oil and coal,
    When zero weather's nigh,
Our ladies Hooverize on dress
    And wear 'em, oh, so high.
Men Hooverize on fishing trips,
    Our wives on bargain day.
Our boys and girls are all at work,
    And Hooverize on play.

We Hooverize on this and that,
It's proper that we should,
That people o'er the world may have,
A share of all things good.
Our rank and file all Hooverize,
Now wouldn't it be nice
If selfish, grabbing plutocrats,
Would Hooverize on price.

August 16, 1918.

OUR ABSENT NEIGHBOR

The summer days are with us,
But Jack McFall is not,
He has beat it to the timbers,
Where the sun is not so hot.
Where the green boughs cast their shadows,
On the lakeside's grassy shore,
He is basking in a bathing suit,
And fishing togs galore.
'Though we know not what he's doing,
You can safely place a bet,
And give odds of ten to one,
On all that you can get.
You can bet he holds a fishing rod,
And holds it good and tight,
Watching for the wiggling bobber,
When the fish begin to bite.

Oh, the glory of the summer days
That come to one and all,
Oh, the glory of the fishing days,
That come to Jack McFall.
For a fortnight he then leaves

His work and worry all behind,
And he drops the little village
Of Chicago from his mind.
We should like to have this pleasure,
But we must not envy Jack,
We shall hear some fishy fishing yarns
As soon as he gets back.
But I sure would like to see him
In the early morning light,
When the bobber starts to wiggle
And the fish begin to bite.

August 23, 1918.

FOILED AGAIN

The kaiser draws another card,
And hopes this time to fill his hand,
He's framing up a prayer for all,
To mutter through the fatherland.
All must implore their God of hate,
To drag poor Bismarck from his grave,
That he may find the ways and means,
Their guilty heads and hearts to save.
This grewsome scene won't frighten us,
For we can cope with all their pranks,
We'll resurrect our Old Bill Jones,
Our Dead Shot Dick and Nancy Hanks.
No comfort can the kaiser get
For all his years of toil and pain,
The villain still must grit his teeth,
And grow, and hiss, I'm foiled again.

August 30, 1918.

OUR LATEST HELP

Bill Arden wears a nice new suit,
He ne'er has worn before,
He's started in at seventeen,
To help to win the war.

Bill used to be a soda squirt,
And then a factory hand,
Why shouldn't he be just the lad
To help to save our land.

The Village Blacksmith has been sung,
And so the Charcoal Man,
Then why not sing the praises
Of each young American.
We men who met Bill on the street
Should stand still and salute,
And girls, you have another beau,
Bill wears a Jackey suit.

September 6, 1918.

THE WAYS OF THOUGHT

Some people ask me how I think
Of all the stuff I weekly write.
They ask me if I think all day,
Or if I lie awake at night.
When I work sixteen hours each day,
And seven days in every week,
I have no time to sit and think,
Or new ideas time to seek.
Why, bless you, I don't have to think
To frame up something of this kind,
I simply open wide the gates
And thoughts just pour into my mind.
If I should think and think and think,
My mind would tired and weary be,
But when I let thoughts have their way,
From work and worry, I am free.
And those who think they think will learn,
That thoughts to mind unbidden spring,
Great Cæsar, if I had to think,
I'd quit my job and cease to sing.

September 13, 1918.

THE COMING RULERS

Back to the schoolrooms again they go,
Happy with laughter, and gay with song,
Delving in problems they seek to know,
Winning each step, as they stride along,
Teacher and pupil, with one accord,
Line up to battle with hearts aglow,
Puzzle and mystery will soon take flight,
Back to the schoolrooms again they go.

Out o'er the wide world they soon will be,
Eager and ready to do and dare,
Firm at the helm of the Ship of Life,
Lassie and lad will be stationed there.
Taming the hateful and vicious minds,
Curbing the waves on life's stormy sea,
Teaching of Liberty and Love,
Out o'er the wide world they soon will be.

These are the ones who will lead the fight,
Over the rugged and pathless way,
Over the mountain's highest peaks,
Onward and upward, day by day.
So let us give them a guiding hand,
Teach them to know what is good and right.
These are the Nation's future hope,
These are the ones who will lead the fight.

September 20, 1918.

THE MARCH TO BERLIN

They are marching on to Berlin
And their step is firm and steady,
Of the millions called for duty,
Every man has answered ready.
Not a soldier looks behind him,
As they backward press the foe,

And no doubt or fear e'er checks them,
As they ever onward go.
They are fighting, bravely fighting,
Pressing forward night and day,
They are marching on to Berlin,
And their foeman leads the way.

They are marching on to Berlin,
Bearing forth the colors proudly,
'Mid the bursting shells of shrapnel,
And the canons roaring loudly.
'Tis for Liberty and Freedom,
'Tis for Honor and for Right,
'Tis for Country, and for loved ones,
That our noble heroes fight.
They are winning, ever winning,
Making history day by day,
They are marching on to Berlin,
And the Germans lead the way.

September 27, 1918.

THE HOME DRIVE

Hurrah! the Fourth Loan Drive is on,
The Fourth Loan Bonds are coming,
Our boys across the ocean blue
Still keep their drive a humming.
They're giving us our money's worth,
So let us not be stingy;
Brush up your patriotic heart,
If it's grown dull and dingy.
There's not a man with health and strength,
Or dame with pride and beauty,
Or boy or girl above ten years,
Should fail to do his duty.
We can all eat a wee bit less,
Can make our clothes last longer,

Smoke less cigars and drink less fizz,
Be happier and stronger.
You think you want to buy a home,
Do not let that thought fool you;
Homes won't be worth three little whoops,
If kings and kaisers rule you.
We are not raising funds to kill,
Let us not make that blunder;
But to save countless millions from
Hate, torture, greed and plunder.
So let us drive and drive and drive
The dollars from their hiding,
And loan them to our Uncle Sam,
With confidence abiding.
'Till every wave, and every breeze,
Proclaims the wonderous story,
That people over all the earth
Love, praise and bless Old Glory.

October 4, 1918.

LOOK TO THE EAST

Look to the East when the sun is rising
Over the hill tops, clear and bright;
Look to the East when it's noontide glory
Shines o'er the earth with a golden light.
Look to the East when the sun is setting
Low in the crimson western sky,
Look to the East when the twilight's coming,
Closes the day with a sweet goodbye.
Think of our boys in the raging conflict,
Battling for Liberty, full and free,
Ever advancing the flag of Honor,
Spreading our freedom across the sea.
Look to the East where your love is winging,
Look to the East, where your thoughts are springing,
Look to the East when your lips are singing,
Tenderly, lovingly, look to the East.

Look to the East when the moonbeam's brightness
Sends a soft glow from the heavens above,
Look to the East when the starlight's gleaming
Tells of a God that is Life and Love.
Look to the East when the clouds are darkening,
When the winds blow, and the raindrops fall;
Look to the East when the clouds are rifting,
Watch for the silver that lines them all.
Millions of boys 'neath the star-lit heavens,
Sing songs of home while the camp fires burn;
Millions of mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts
Keep home-fires bright 'till the boys return.
Look to the East, where your love is staying,
Look to the East, where your thoughts are straying,
Look to the East, when your lips are praying,
Cheerfully, hopefully, look to the East.

October 11, 1918.

JOKING THE KAISER

Somebody threw a hat on his front walk,
And the old kaiser gave it a kick,
And then for a fortnight on crutches he humped,
For that confounded hat held a brick.
Somebody tied an old mule to his door,
And somebody stole his side gate.
And somebody called the old gink to the phone,
And then let him stand there and wait.
Somebody sent him a loaded cigar,
And someone blew beans on the pane,
And when he picked up a nice, fat pocketbook,
It was jerked from his fingers again.
A tick-tack was placed just outside of his room,
Which gave the old kaiser a fright,
But the worst joke of all was the day he was told,
Our American boys couldn't fight.

OCTOBER, 1918

Farewell October, thou bright month of autumn,
Farewell; in sorrow we bid thee farewell.
Though thou hath left us in sadness and mourning,
Still of thy beauty and joy shall we tell.

Warm was thy sunshine, and cool were they breezes
Fair were thy days as the lilies in bloom,
Still with his sickle keen, came the death reaper,
Leaving reflections of darkness and gloom.

Gone are the green leaves, and gone are the blossoms,
Gone the rich verdure from moorland and field.
Gone are the songbirds from meadow and woodland,
Still to thy memory our love we must yield.

What shall our thoughts be of all this departing,
Sweet blooming flowers, and bright waving grain,
Songbirds that cheer us, and friends we love dearly,
LIFE saves them ALL, we shall know them again.

Farewell October, fore'er may we praise thee,
Of thy great beauty, for aye may we tell,
Joyously greet thee, and welcome thy coming,
Farewell, October, we bid thee farewell.

OUR HOME BOYS

Out on the street our young boys gather.
After the day of toil is done;
What shall they do for an evening's pleasure,
Where shall they go for an hour of fun.
Full of the vigor and strength of boyhood,
Strong in the vim and pep of youth;
Weak in resistance to temptation,
Mistaking falsehood for golden truth.
Closed are the lodgerooms, the halls and churches,
Barred are the clubrooms, the gyms and shows;

Chased from the street to the village lock-up,
Who will come forth to dispel their woes.
Somewhere a poolroom looks inviting,
Somewhere a barroom glitters bright;
Somewhere a show may be suggestive,
Somewhere a glow of ruby light,
Somewhere a soft white hand may beckon,
Somewhere deceitful smiles to meet.
These are temptations ever waiting,
For the young boys who are on the street.
Come to their rescue, fathers, mothers,
Give them your help ye sisters brave;
Wake up ye men of trades and commerce,
NOW is the time our young boys to save.
Women of noble deeds and purpose,
Here is work you can help to do;
Win the young boys from the dark street corners,
They'll prove a blessing to yours and you.

November 1, 1918.

THE BOOSTER'S BIRTHDAY

Salute the little Booster.
It is one year old today,
It is crowing like a thoroughbred
For it has come to stay.
Its articles are clean and bright,
Its pages neat and trim;
It kicks up like a yearling colt,
It's full of life and vim.
Now if your husband stays out late,
Or if you have a cold,
Or if your wife spends all your cash,
Or if you're growing old,
Or if your daughter runs away,
With some young, brainless youth,
Just tell it to The Booster,
It always prints the truth.

It advertises everything,
From pins to griddle-cakes;
Those who have tried its selling power,
Have made no great mistakes.
It butts right into every home
This young, impertinent elf,
And now it's going to take a whirl,
And advertise itself.
Of all the papers in the land,
There's not one of this sort,
That weekly gives good stuff away
When cash is running short.
There's not a poet in the world,
Can smoothe your furrowed brow
The way The Booster's poet does,
For you are laughing now.
The Booster wants subscribers
To help to pull it through,
And twenty-five small cents a year
Is all it asks of you.
Whate'er the Booster loses,
Will be the reader's loss,
And it may lose its poet,
So you'd better come across.
So help The Booster celebrate,
And pay your little toll,
And in a jiffy we will put
Your name upon the roll.
Then weekly up to your front door.
The Booster lads will prance,
And when you've read The Booster,
Mail it to the boys in France.

November 18, 1918.

PEACE

Again within the world of peace,
We breathe, we move, we live;
And dark and treacherous evil yields,
To all that Good can give.
The countless horrors now are gone,
And numbered with the past;
The strife is o'er, the victory won,
And Peace has come at last.
'Twas hate and greed that caused the war,
'Twas vain and selfish pride;
To satisfy ambition's law,
Five millions souls have died.
But now the light of Peace has dawned,
Hate, greed, and envy flown;
And o'er the world the seed of love,
And liberty is sown,
Now let us turn our thoughts to one,
Who knew our Father's will,
And to the winds and tempest wild,
He said, peace, peace, be still.
When man hath learned his true estate,
Then shall all evil cease;
And earth shall then as Heaven be,
One Love, one God, one Peace.

November 15, 1918.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day is drawing near
And visions now we see,
Of mother by the kitchen range,
As busy as can be.
Within the roasting oven lies
The bird of great renown,
While apple dumplings in the pan
Are gaily turning brown.

Plum-pudding, mince and pumpkin pies
Are made the day before,
Sweet doughnuts in the earthen jar
Are numbered by the score.
Cranberries popping on the stove,
Are fragrant, clear and red,
And dad and kids, and cat and dog
Are waiting for the spread.
Thanksgiving Day is drawing near,
Be thankful for the spring,
When everywhere was sown good seeds,
Which naught but good can bring.
Be thankful for the summer time,
The warm, bright growing days,
That bring forth Nature's bounteous gifts,
In happy Nature's ways.
Be thankful for the autumn days,
When harvest time has come,
When in the cellars, bins and barns,
The crops are gathered home.
Be thankful that the war is over,
And sing the jubilee;
Be glad your stomach and your mind,
Now work in harmony.

November 22, 1918.

WHEN YOU AND I KICK IN

Why do we hear this doleful sound,
This discontented mutter,
There seems an echo of despair,
In half the words we utter.
The summer sun is much too hot,
The winter wind's too cold;
The breakfast bacon was too fresh,
The supper steak too old.
Cheer up, good friends, and let us smile,
As down life's path we spin;

For things will go the same old way,
When you and I kick in.
The trains they miss will be on time,
The next one still be late;
Express rates still will be too high,
Goods still move slow by freight.
It still will rain on holidays,
The best cow still will die;
The politician still will graft,
The lawyers still will lie.
The wise old gamblers still will lose,
The new beginners win,
And boarders still be served with prunes,
When you and I kick in.
And Mary still will have her John,
Bill still will have his Jane,
And many sweet things still be said
Along the woody lane.
Kate still will want a new silk dress,
Dick still need hat and shoes,
So do not think that we have got
A mortgage on the blues.
New Year will still be hustled in,
With shouts and mingled din;
And Wets and Drys still whoop it up,
When you and I kick in.
So what's the use of killing joy,
And making such a fuss;
The sorrow, care and grief we nurse,
Was never meant for us.
Birds gaily sing, flowers sweetly bloom,
The sun shines warm and bright,
And moon and stars work hand in hand.
To guide our steps at night.
And generations yet unborn,
Here in this world of sin,
Will sprint along the paths we've trod,
When you and I kick in.

November 29, 1918.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Come, children, listen to my tale,
In confidence I speak;
Try hard for twenty days to be
Obedient, mild and meek.
If Ma says, "Kitty, dust the chair,"
Or "Willie, sweep the snow,"
Or, "Susie, wash the dishes, dear,"
Right quickly at it go.
When mother wants a few small things
Brought from the grocery store,
If half an hour will do the job,
Don't take two hours or more.
Brush up your shoes, and wash your face,
And comb your hair, because
You're going to have a visit
From your old friend, Santa Claus.

Old Santa is a dandy chap,
He likes good girls and boys;
And he's been oh so busy,
Making dolls and books and toys.
He has great stacks of everything
That's nice to eat and wear,
No matter where you live or go,
He'll surely find you there.
His reindeers hitched to his great sled
Can scale the steepest wall;
They leap from house to house-top,
And they never slip or fall.
So get your stockings clean and sound,
The time will slip by quick;
Then hang them up on Christmas eve,
For jolly old St. Nick.

December 6, 1918.

UN-SUBSTITUTING

The bakeries are wising up,
They're using flour made from wheat,
Again we get a loaf of bread
That's really good to sit and eat.
The substituting days have fled,
And soon it will be very nice
To have all pies and cakes without
A shot of barley, oats or rice.
The butcher shops are rounding, too,
To please us they are making breaks,
They sell us boiling beef that boils,
They hand out better chops and steaks.
All optimistic we should be,
And words all undisturbing utter,
But still it's hard to make a guess,
When we shall taste good creamery butter.
When we have checked cold storage crimes,
And made a deal with Mrs. Hen,
Eggs then shall taste like eggs, instead
Of sulphuretted hydrogen.
We worked together through the war,
Now if together we will pull,
Shoes soon from leather will be made,
And clothing will be made from wool.
But hope of hopes, and joy of joys,
Ye men prepare for thrills and jars,
For manufacturers now declare,
They'll put tobacco in cigars.

December 13, 1918.

THE NEW WATCH ON THE RHINE

Far over in old Germany,
Along a well-known stream,
An emblem new waves in the breeze,
And bright new faces beam,

The same old sun is shining down,
The same old river flows,
The same bright stars are glistening,
The same soft moonlight glows.
But when the bugle's call is heard,
And the soldiers fall in line,
'Tis not the old guard falling in,
There's a new watch on the Rhine.

For many years with German friends,
Der Wacht am Rhine, we sang,
As everywhere throughout our land,
Their cheerful voices rang.
The same old song is written still,
The same old friends are here,
But many eyes are downcast now,
And voices give no cheer.
While 'round the camp fires over there,
Our boys in peace recline,
Der Wacht am Rhine is sung no more,
There's a new song on the Rhine.

But let us give to Germany,
The hope for better days,
And teach Her that She soon may see,
The error of Her ways.
Teach Her that hate, deceit and greed,
Have brought Her all this grief,
That honor, liberty and love,
Alone can bring relief.
Then on the Danube, Marne and Somme,
Shall crystal waters shine,
And the whole world learn to love the days,
Of the new watch on the Rhine.

OUR BEST TODAY

The Old Year soon will say farewell,
The New Year soon be here;
Shall we good resolutions make
For all the coming year?
Or shall we each and every morn
Resolve, that come what may,
We'll stand for what is just and right,
And do our best today.

The yesterday is past and gone,
The morrow is not yet,
The future we may never know,
The past we may forget.
The present is the only time
For all we do or say;
We are building for the future,
So let's do our best today.

So while the days are rolling on,
And as the moments fly,
Let each of us more thoughtful be,
For time goes quickly by.
Swear off not this, swear on not that,
But with a spirit gay,
Prove by our works, not by our words,
We're doing our best today.

December 27, 1918.

THE TRUE AMERICAN

Our President across the sea,
Is making quite a hit;
The Royal Ones are staggering,
As though they have a fit.
The Counts, the Dukes, the Earls and Lords,
The Princesses and Queens,
Are calling for their smelling salts,
They don't know what he means.
Reserved and calm, he goes about,
With neither pomp nor dash,
He wears no robes of scarlet,
And he makes no splurge with cash.
The Highbrows are awakening,
With uncontrolled surprise,
They simply won't believe their ears,
They can't believe their eyes.
What is it that they see about
This unpretentious man,
It is the high-class culture of
The True American.

Our boys, a few short months ago,
In every land were billed,
As just a bunch of raw recruits,
Untutored, and unskilled.
'Twas said this bunch of farmer lads,
Could never make a stand,
That they would fall an easy prey
To Hindenburg's trained band,
But millions came in squads and groups,
And each one signed his name,
To stand fast by the Stars and Stripes,
And get into the game.
Our enemies were confident
We'd have a frightful loss,
If ever we had nerve enough
To start our boys across.

But soon two million of our boys
The U-boat gauntlet ran,
And showed the world the courage of
The True American.

And how they fought, and how they won,
We've heard and heard again,
The sacrifices that they made,
Must not be made in vain.
'Tis easy now to criticize
Our leaders day by day,
But helping solve the problems great,
Is much the better way.
And while our boys are coming home,
With laurels bravely won,
And thousands of them living proofs
Of wonders they have done,
Our President has crossed the sea,
With men who have resolved
To find a way, that we no more,
In war may be involved.
And while these men are working out
This great and noble plan,
We each must show the spirit of
The True American.

January 3, 1919.

OUR WINTER PETS

The little birds, that to us come,
Each cold, bleak winter day,
Are not so cheerful with their songs,
As those that come in May.
But they a useful lesson teach,
Of patience and good will,
Though short of food and shelter,
They're gay and happy still.

Around the kitchen doors they hop,
With soft and twittering voice,
And children watching from within,
With gleeful shouts rejoice.
Throw out some meal or crust of bread,
And watch their friendship grow,
For their supply of winter's food,
Lies deep beneath the snow.

The life that made these little birds,
Created you and me,
Despise not then our feathered friends,
Nor cruel, nor selfish be.
And though their coats be dull and gray,
And no sweet songs are heard
The winter would be drear indeed,
Without one little bird.

January 10, 1919.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Over the bounding waves they're coming,
Horsemen and footmen, sword and gun;
Back from the fields of gory battle,
Flushed with the pride of victories won.
They who have answered the call of Freedom,
They who for Liberty carved the way;
They have preserved our Nation's honor,
Welcome them back to their homes today.

Over the billowy deep they're sailing,
Sailing again to the land they love;
Soldiers and sailors of one great army,
Airmen who fought from the clouds above.
They who have conquered a mighty foeman,
They who have stood by our colors bright;
Let every hearthstone reflect a welcome,
Open your doors to our boys tonight.

Over the bounding waves they're coming,
Over the crest of the ocean blue;
Pages, Esquires and Knights are sailing
Home to the land of the brave and true;
They who have known neither fear nor failure,
They who have shown neither grief nor pain.
They should find love in our hearts forever,
Welcome our boys to their homes again.

January 17, 1919.

THE BOLSHEVIK

The Bolshevik now ask for recognition,
Their killing game is getting on their nerves;
The propaganda which they have been teaching,
A world of progress, neither checks nor serves.
The frightful methods they have been pursuing,
Has not advanced their cause throughout the lands;
But still they say that all the world should know them;
It does; it knows them by their blood-stained hands.

I would not say, hang every Bolsheviki,
Nor would I say we should imprison each;
Though drastic measures may be necessary
To halt the evil principles they teach.
But I would recognize them all as nothing,
As nothing, I would know them without fear,
When we can KNOW each evil thing as nothing,
It then will fade away and disappear.

January 24, 1919.

JANUARY, 1919

Oh January, winter month,
As song we sing of thee;
For all the comfort thou hast given,
Long may we thankful be.
One year ago thy days were cold,
Thy snows were high and deep,

And through the frozen, leafless boughs,
Thy icy winds did sweep.
But lo, a change to thee has come,
Thy days are bright and clear;
Thy sun is warm, thy winds are calm,
And joy and comfort here.
And unto us, in lovelike way,
This lesson thou hast shown
That furious passions need not rule
To make our presence known.
And while the world is striving now
To right all that is wrong,
We thank thee for the peaceful way
That thou hast come and gone.

January 31, 1919.

A HOME REQUEST

Dear Boys, when you the order get,
To strike for home and mother,
No doubt, to do the double quick,
You'll vie with one another,
So open up your napsacks wide,
And in them toss your boodle,
And whistle Hail Columbia,
While the band plays Yankee Doodle.
Throw in your captured helmets,
And swords so bright and shiny,
The buckles, belts, and iron cross,
That once was sworn by Heinie.
Scrape up your bits of shrapnel shells,
And bullets with steel jackets,
The hand grenades and other junk,
That made the roars and rackets.
Bring home your French brides, if you will,
And let us meet the beauties,
But leave behind in dugouts deep,
The rats, the fleas and cooties.

February 7, 1919.

THE HIGH SCHOOL BOY'S LAMENT

Oh Valentine, my Valentine,
Pray whither are thou straying,
And from the idol of thine heart,
Oh why, why are thou staying.
Since thou art gone, the world is drear,
The clouds are growing darker,
The many Janes I now behold,
With thee are not a marker.
Thine eyes are of the hazel kind,
And chestnut are thy tresses,
Thy cheeks are like the rainbow's tints,
And match thy modern dresses.
Thy brow is fair, and sweet thy lips,
Thy hands are white and slender,
But oh, so dizzy are thy ways,
For one so young and tender.
But keep not from this bold cadette,
Those youthful charms of thine,
Come trip, trip, tripping back to me,
My own dear Valentine.

February 14, 1919.

THE REGULATOR

Ye men who earn your daily bread,
By raising the tobacco weed,
Must soon prepare your soil to grow,
More useful things that people need.
And ye who roll Havana strips,
With cabbage leaves, and dried out hay,
Another trade must pick up soon,
For storms are brewing down your way.
And also we who sell this trash,
Throughout the land from sea to sea,
Like you, we'll soon be out of biz,
For Billy Sunday's after thee.

Ye gray-haired sage, whose winter days,
Are spent beside the chimney blaze,
Who puffs the briar, the cob or clay,
And talks to ma of younger days.
Ye men who breathe foul atmosphere,
And swallow dust in shop and mill,
And get relief from flavored leaves,
Another way must find and will.
Ye soldiers who a nation saved,
From wars that raged, and hate that grew,
All now must humbly bow the knee,
For Billy Sunday's after you.

Ye pale-faced race, whose fathers bold,
Came forth in selfish groups and bands,
And drove the red man from his home,
Usurped his peace, and stole his lands.
Who learned to smoke and chew his weed,
And great commercial gains foreseen,
Promoted habits o'er the world,
That poisons all, with nicotine.
The fathers' sins are on you now,
And you must suffer for their fall,
This punishment you can't escape,
For Billy Sunday's after all.

Perhaps we would like Billy more,
Could we but know just where he stands,
But he keeps vaulting in the air,
Or walking backwards on his hands.
He summersaults both fore and aft,
He laughs in sorrow, weeps in glee,
Still, when we end our journey here,
We'll migrate upward same as he.
And when we mount the golden stairs,
And view the mansion neat and trim,
We'll find St. Peter hustling 'round,
With Billy Sunday after him.

February 21, 1919.

THE BRAVEST YET

When Uncle Sam sent out a call,
For sturdy boys, one day,
Ten million brave lads answered him,
Throughout the U. S. A.
And when 'twas learned we needed girls,
In camps across the sea,
Ten thousand brave girls left good homes,
Saying, here am I, send me.
Brave parents gave their only sons,
To help to win the war,
And medals for heroic deeds,
Were won in fields afar,
Brave, peaceful men for centuries,
Have steered our ship of state,
And women brave have helped erase,
Our troubles from the state.
And now we ask with trembling lips,
And hearts with ceaseless throbin',
Who, who is brave enough to say,
I saw the first spring robin.

February 28, 1919.

THE YOUNG MEN'S HOP

The young men's hop has come and gone,
But in memory it long will last,
We shall still talk it o'er,
And cherish it more,
As we dwell on the golden past,.
The hall was filled with a merry throng,
And a welcome was in the air,
While the music sweet,
And the tripping feet,
Re-echoed the pleasure there.
'Twas the C. M. Y. M. Club's first ball,
And nothing their mirth could stop,
And the boys and girls,
With their graceful whirls,
Gave class to the young men's hop.

We rejoice to know that our young boys now
Have a club they can call their own,
And the harvest fields,
And the fruit it yields,
Give proof of the seed that's sown.
There are those who furrowed and sowed the ground,
There are those who keep down the weeds,
There's a credit for all,
Who began last fall,
To look to the young men's needs,
And a wholesome sight gliding o'er the floor,
Was the youngsters with ma and pop,
And the gay old folks,
With their laughs and jokes,
Gave cheer to the young men's hop.

There's a time to pray, there's a time to laugh,
We are told, there's a time to dance,
It is up to you,
Who believe this true,
To toddle, or trot or prance.
We must give our children a helping hand,
While youth's trials are passing by,
And they'll not stray far
From Truth's bright star,
If parents and friends are nigh.
May we all have part in their daily needs,
With a glad, harmonious strain,
May we all be there,
With a braid in our hair,
When our young folks hop again.

March 7, 1919.

A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT

When I met Billy Baxter,
Of letter-writing fame,
I made poor Billy feel so glum,
He went and changed his name.
Said I to him, now look here, Bill,
You've had your day of fun,
But now, I hold the steering wheel,
You'd better homeward run.
I am the main attraction here,
You go sit on the bench.
I'm going to clean up No Man's Land,
You crawl back in the trench.
And then I met Walt Mason,
Who writes stuff of this kind,
I said to him, it's too bad Walt,
That you must lag behind.
And then I wrote, and wrote, and wrote,
For papers far and near,
I pictured visions master minds,
Could never see or hear.
And when our payday came along,
I tell you it was fine,
I pulled down my five hundred bucks,
While Walter stood in line.
Again I wrote, and got the whole world
Laughing fit to kill,

Then I awoke,
Oh, such a dream,
I'm with The Booster still.

March 14, 1919.

IRELAND'S NATAL DAY

They sing in dear old Ireland,
Of the hat me father wore,
Of shamrocks and the blarney stone,
Clay pipes, and things galore.

But the gayest time in Ireland,
Is the day She celebrates,
'Twas on the seventeenth of March,
St. Patrick chased the snakes.
So all the clansmen march in line,
Upon St. Patrick's Day,
The hat is seen, they wear the green,
And smoke their pipes of clay.

March 14, 1919.

SPRINGTIME

I will sing you a song of the springtime rare,
When the March winds wildly blow,
When the snow melts down from the mountain side,
And the rivers overflow.
When the cold, bleak days pass from our midst,
And the sky is clear and blue,
When the birds come forth to their summer homes,
With songs that are ever new.
When the April showers so gently fall,
And the sun shines warm again,
When the grass, the buds and leaves spring out,
In response to the cheerful rain,
When the farmer harrows and sows his ground,
And toils with a hope serene,
When the May lambs bleat, as they skip and play,
O'er the sod that is soft and green.
When the fragrant blossoms on tree and shrub,
In happiness scent the air,
And bounteous nature her part performs,
In harmony everywhere.
We welcome thee, Oh gladsome spring,
As a friend most kind and true,
And all souls rejoice with heart and voice,
As this song I sing to you.

March 21, 1919.

A CHANGE IN HEL GOLAND

The Peace Commission in Paree,
Now claims the world's attention,
The things which they propose to do,
I have not space to mention.
On many points they disagree,
But on this one all stand,
They one and all seem firmly set,
On razing Hel goland.

Our boys now watching on the Rhine,
In peace are now reclining,
Though many are the youthful hearts,
For home and loved ones pining.
But gladly will they do the work,
They soon will have on hand,
And what a high old time they'll have,
Dismantling Hel goland.

Our President still calm remains
Through all the noise and rapping,
They're trying hard to tangle things,
And catch the old boy napping.
But you will find when he gets through,
From every shore and strand,
It will be safe for all to sail,
Straightway to Hel goland.

One thing that has not been proposed,
I think would be a winner,
'Twould bring contentment o'er the world,
And punish every sinner.
So I propose this little scheme,
And think it would be grand,
To send the whole damn Royal tribe,
To dwell in Hel goland.

March 28, 1919.

NUMBER 52

One pleasant year, twelve joyous months,
Yes, two and fifty week,
Since I began with mind and pen
To Fame and Fortune seek.
And Fame as come on silvery wings,
And nestles near my door,
But Fortune is a shy coquette,
And still on high does soar.
Not one small thing could I create,
Of which to write a line,
'Tis Life and Love that maketh all,
For whom all glories shine.
But I can write of wonderous day,
And Peaceful, restful night,
Of shining sun, of beaming moon,
And glittering stars so bright.
And I can tell of raging storms,
The lightning's blinding flash;
Of driving rains, and shrieking winds,
Of thunder's roar and crash.
And I can speak of fragrant flowers,
And happy singing birds,
Of meadows sweet, and pastures green,
And gentle, lowing herds.
And I can picture winding streams,
Brown woods and verdant fields,
The waving grains, and ripening fruits,
That bounteous nature yields.
And I can praise our childhood days,
And old friends tried and true,
These scenes in words, with pen I paint,
And show them all to you.
So Fame and I shall hand in hand,
Forever onward go,
And as the years go rolling on,
More bright and radiant grow.

And should Dame Fortune never pause,
But high and higher soar,
I shall delight, for you to write,
Full fifty-two weeks more.

April 4, 1919.

ALL BUSY

Old Sol is hustling things again,
He's up and going at early dawn,
He's surely making nature hump,
Since winter's gone, and spring is on.
The snow and frost have disappeared,
Beneath his steady, piercing ray;
And ice floes in the northern lakes
Are slowly yielding day by day.
The meadows, shrubs and giant trees,
Are coming forth in coats of green,
And everything on earth that lives,
In joyous efforts now is seen.
The brooklets, creeks and rivers wide,
Are carting all the slush away;
Old Sol has surely started things,
And he's improving day by day.

The twittering birds in every tree,
Are warbling out their joyous notes,
And though they sing the live-long day,
They need no gargle for their throats.
They're looking for a favorite spot,
To build a home and rear their young,
And as house hunting they will go,
We hear no grumbling from their tongue.
The insect tribes of every kind,
Will one by one each day appear,
And snakes now wriggling o'er the ground,
Proclaim with glee that spring is here.

The furry creatures, wild and tame,
All now prepare their part to do,
And dwellers of the ponds and lakes,
Are busy all the moments through.

And lo! the brave suburbanites,
With pruning knife, fork, hoe and rake,
Are toiling in the twilight shades,
A transformation scene to make.
They trim and cut, they rake and burn,
They turn the ground and sow the seed.
They plan and talk, and plan again,
They are a busy bunch, indeed.
And so we need the sun's bright rays,
We need the gentle showers that fall,
In fact, we need 'most everything,
That comes to us by nature's call.
This is a busy, hustling world,
And busier each day will get,
I, too, must close and hump a bit,
Somebody wants a cigarette.

April 11, 1919.

THE KING OF MEN

Within a lowly stable, once,
An infant child was born,
A Savior to the world was given,
Upon that sacred morn.
He came to show the ways of Life,
To show the truth of God,
And man's dominion here on earth,
To show the power of Love.
He helped the poor, He healed the sick,
He cleansed the Lepers, ten,
He proved God's children never were
Bound by disease or sin.
He said that God is Life and Love,
He sets the captives free,

He said these works can be done by
Them that believe in Me.
He showed the nothingness of death,
And rose above its claim,
He proved by work his every word,
All honor to his name.
The Principle that Jesus taught,
Today, should be our guide,
For Life, Love God, is still on earth,
This happy Eastertide.

April 18, 1919.

THE VICTORY LOAN

Columbia now sends us word,
And says her funds are running low,
That four and one-half billion bucks,
Into her coffers now must flow.
Our boys have bravely fought and won,
And Victory crowns our Nation grand,
Old Glory all unspotted waves,
And Liberty and Freedom stand.
And now Columbia, ever true,
To us in confidence has come,
To help her pay a few small bills,
And bring our youngsters safely home.
Is there a man within our ranks,
So foolish, heartless, or so rash
That he, an argument would start,
When his good wifey asks for cash?
Is there a woman in our midst
Who, with brave effort does not strive
To fill and beautify her home,
That all within may live and thrive?
Are there good parents in our land,
Who seek each day their gallant boy,
Who would not give their earnest aid,
That neighbors too, might know this joy?
And brothers, sisters, sweethearts all
May swell the ranks with one accord,

And celebrate the Victory won,
With noble deed, and useful word.
And may it please both old and young,
To rise, and gladly do their part,
And win new Victories here at home,
And bring new joys to every heart.
And may Columbia's call be heard,
And answered quickly far and wide,
Each state go bounding o'er the top,
Her every wish be gratified.

April 25, 1919.

MAY

Fair as a lily she now appears,
Robed in her garment of purest green,
Gentle and meek as a baby lamb,
Graceful and bright as a fairy queen,
Bringing new life to each bulb and plant,
Warming the earth with her sun's soft ray,
Crowning the spring-time with blossoms sweet,
Welcome, we welcome her, beautiful May.

Meadows and wildwoods in silence grow
Sweeter each day with the buds and flowers,
Buttercups, daisies and violets, too,
Answer the call of the April showers.
Fringing the banks of the ponds and streams,
In shady dells or on hill-tops gay,
Grasses, ferns, hedges and creeping vines,
Smile as they welcome her, beautiful May.

Birds of the forests and sunny fields,
Gleefully labor the whole day through,
Meadow-lark, robin and merry thrush,
Carol their gratitude, pure and true.
Strengthening the feeble, and cheering the poor,
Oh that with us she could ever stay!
Glad, joyous, youthful, serene and sweet,
Sunlight of springtime, beautiful May.

May 2, 1919.

DOES MONEY TALK?

There are many good old sayings
That are true, as true can be,
And they a useful purpose serve,
Good folks like you and me.
Some one has said, that money talks,
Well, I have heard it speak,
But it murmured just a word or two,
In accents, faint and weak.
I know that cash walks, runs and flies,
All this, I clearly see,
But all that money ever said
Was, fare thee well, to me.

I've handled scads of money,
And collected loads of dough,
Of silver, gold and copper
I've caressed a barrel or so.
Of bonds, checks, drafts and paper bills,
I sure have held a lot.
But, are they in my palm today?
Are they? Well I guess not.
I've gathered pennies, nickles, dimes,
As cheerful as can be,
But when I get a handful, zip,
They tra la la, to me.

Oh, tell me, please, if money talks,
Dear friends, what does it say,
What does it chew the rag about?
Come, tell me now, I pray.
If any one has got a coin
That wants to talk a bit,
Escort the little treasure in,
And I will chat with it.
If I can only be convinced,
I then shall happy be,
For forty years its only said,
Good-bye, old top, to me.

May 9, 1919.

THE 7:59

Each morning during high school days,
As eight o'clock draws near,
The sound of voices loud and gay,
Comes floating to my ear.
It tells a tale of youthful tide,
That clear and peaceful flows,
Of days unfettered with life's cares,
Of hope that onward goes.
What is this noise that cheers sad hearts,
And makes dull faces shine?
It is the high school youngsters,
On the 7:59.

These boys and girls clear up their minds,
Before their work is on,
By joshing with the motorman,
And kidding with the con.
They banter, sallie, give and take,
In humor good to know,
And many a jolly taunt is flung,
As down the walk they go.
And oftimes ere they cross the tracks,
And hustle up the line,
I've gained a whole day's pleasure
From the 7:59.

Oh care-free, happy by-gone days,
Oh days of youth's bright spring,
We love to dwell again upon
The joys that thou didst bring.
We love to live again in thought,
The happy days gone by,
They cheer us as life's summer flys,
And winter time draws nigh.
And you gay youngsters, may you love
These golden hours of thine,
And each day meet new pleasures
On the 7:59.

May 16, 1919.

CLEANED UP

Oh, do you note the atmosphere?
Sniff, sniff, how pure and sweet;
And when its fragrance we inhale,
We hasten to repeat.
From North to South, from East to West,
We see where e'er we hump,
Dead cats, dead rats, and old tin cans
Have vanished to the dump.
Our streets have all been scraped and swept,
Our alleys now are clear,
While Maywood lawns and parkways now,
Like velvet floors appear.
We've reckoned with the roofers,
With the painters we're in touch,
Old Spotless town will envy us,
For we are such a much.
And still to beautify the scene,
The bright, gay tulips bloom,
While apple, peach and cherry trees
Send forth their glad perfume.
All progress we encourage,
And all efforts we encore,
Come, join me in another whiff,
Sniff, sniff, how sweet and pure.

May 23, 1919.

HONOR DAY

To honor heroes now at rest,
With words of praise, and flowers we come,
With flag to mark each silent mound,
With bugle hushed and muffled drum.
In memory of heroic men,
Who in the raging conflict fought,
And long lived to exemplify,
The noble principles they taught.
In memory of brave men who fell,

And for our cause their life-blood gave,
Preserved the union of our states,
Upheld our flag and freed the slave.
In memory of our own dear boys
Who lie at rest across the sea,
Who proved that Right is Freedom's law,
That Justice is in Liberty.
And may we ever on this day,
With grateful hearts, and joyous strain,
Speak of their works, that all may know
Their sacrifice was not in vain.
And weep not for our heroes gone,
But speak of them with words of cheer,
And plant upon each green clad mound,
The banner that they loved so dear.

May 30, 1919.

THE HEMI-SUITS

You must have got 'em on at last,
If not, you sit and swelter,
The cold North winds that hung so long,
Have vanished helter-skelter.
The summer heat is on parade,
And if it grows much hotter,
We'll want to hike down by the lake,
And paddle in the water.
You may a wee bit chilly get,
At morning's early dawn, sir,
But will smile by 10 a. m.,
If you have got 'em on, sir.

The pony coats and balmacans,
For closets drear are slated,
While sweater vests and woolen hose,
To moth balls now are fated.
The derby lids must disappear,
While sunbeams 'round us hover,

The famous southern panamas,
Great northern heads must cover.
But joy and comfort is not yours,
Not even for a minute,
Unless you've got 'em on today,
If so, then you are in it.

The canvas shoes, the Palm Beach suits,
The sport shirts all are snappy,
But nothing else like hemi-suits,
Will make you blithe and happy.
So when the clerks tell you the price,
Don't get riled up and chew 'em,
They're charging you for comfort,
For there isn't much else to 'em.
So while the heartless, idle rich,
To woods and lakes are streaming,
We'll hail the nifty B. V. D.'s,
And bid Old Sol keep beaming.

June 6, 1919.

LOOKING BACKWARD

With Darius Green, I stood today
And viewed a modern man-made bird;
That purring, whirring in the air,
High over head, is often heard.
And soon in steady tones, he said,
While his keen eyes he did not bat,
To fly that dinkus isn't much,
I did a wilder stunt than that.

With Mother Goose of nursery fame,
I sat upon our porch today,
While she beheld an air-o-plane,
Twice loop the loop, and soar away.

And as she wiped her well-worn specks,
And from her snuff-box took a chew,
She said, that isn't in it with
The broomstick tricks I used to do.

And as I sauntered down the walk,
I met the spirit of a cow,
And though I recognized her not,
She seemed to size me up, somehow.
You think that wonderful, she said,
As with her hoofs the walk she thumped;
You should have seen me years ago,
When over yon pale moon I jumped.

At last I turned and wandered home,
My mind was in a troubled state;
When lo; a quaint old soul I met,
In cloak and bonnet at my gate.
She sweetly smiled, and softly said,
I wish your Booster friends to know
I'm Mother Shipton, and I wrote
Of this great age long, long ago.

And so in looking back, we find
All we have done was prophesied;
Each act we boom, each thing we make,
Was foretold by those who have died.
But weary not of doing well,
Although results we cannot know;
This Universe shall still advance,
Giant oaks from little acorns grow.

June 3, 1919.

OLD BOOZE

Just ten days more to linger here,
To foster sorrow, pain and grief,
To taunt and fool his victims still,
Who in him think they find relief.
To strangle gladness, joy and hope,
To murder happiness and peace,
To hinder freedom, aid distress,
And then his struggles here must cease.
It matters not if children stand
In ragged clothes, and cry for bread,
It matters not if faithful wife,
Is sick and helpless on her bed.
It matters not if mothers weep,
Or sisters bow their heads in shame,
Old Booze for ten days more will work,
And to the end will play his game.
But in the distance now we see,
For all a brighter, better day,
When man no longer is enslaved,
He then will know a happier way.
And when a year has rolled away,
And sunshine reigns
Where once 'twas night,
Then man will thank the unseen power,
That forced him to behold the light.

June 20, 1919.

A PLEA

Come out, bright sun, and with the children play,
And with thy cheerful smiles their faces greet,
And let the leafy elms and maple boughs,
Now cast their dancing shadows at their feet.
And let thy golden rays fall on the earth,
The air to purify and warm the ground,
That they may now barefooted run and romp,
And we may hear the cheerful, happy sound.
Come out, bright sun, and with the children play,

Come, merry wind, and with the children play,
For them the glad vacation-time is here;
Send forth for them thy cooling, fragrant breath,
And whistle merry tunes they love to hear.
And move the swaying shadows faster still,
From every trembling leaf and stately bough,
And with the sunshine made the earth a joy,
That they may learn of mirth and beauty now.
Come, merry wind, and with the children play.

Come, gentle raindrops, with the children play,
For play to them is gladness, life and joy,
And days of flowers, birds and butterflies,
Sun, wind and rain are for each girl and boy.
So let thy moisture fall upon the earth,
And bid the grass for them grow soft and green,
Until in meadows, woods, and rippling streams,
For them a children's Heaven on earth is seen.
Come, sun, wind, rain and with the children play .

June 27, 1919.

A MEDLEY

An all important week is this,
For maybe things are taking place,
That soon should prove a benefit,
To every language, creed or race.
The so-called Peace Pact now is signed,
Our foemen now our friends should be.
We hope that soon our absent boys,
Will pull their freight from o'er the sea.
Our President is homeward bound,
We'll welcome him with joyful cries,

For we have waited long to know,
The ifs and ands, the wheres and whys.
King Alcohol has been dethroned,
John Barleycorn is down and out,
When Rip Van Winkle wakes again,
He'll wonder what it's all about.
Our Independence Day is here,
And everywhere our colors bright,
Are waving in the summer breeze,
And tell of Honor, Truth and Right.
And though you've heard, and heard again,
That in this world there's nothing new;
I'm sure that you will change your mind,
Ere you have read this Medley through.
For lo! upon this Natal day,
With grateful hearts, we wish to state
That Maywoodites, west, north and south,
Will all together celebrate.

July 4, 1919.

THE FARMER

Salute the man behind the plow,
For he is king today;
The sun for him is shining bright,
And he is making hay.
Though storm clouds gather in the air,
And wild the billows roar,
He's working sixteen hours each day,
His crops work twenty-four.

The farmer is a mighty man,
A worldly power is he;
His goods are found in every home,
And sent across the sea.
His crops grow on in rain or shine,
Now, what more could he wish?
He gets top price for every pound
That goes to feed the fish.

"This Man of High Degree"

His milk is sanitary,
And his butter always fresh,
He does not have to grind up bones,
And turn them into hash.
He does not need a tailored suit
Around the farm to roam,
His working suit that cost two bucks,
Is cleaned and pressed at home.

The farmer is a social man,
He likes a joke, indeed;
He also likes a good cigar,
If you will buy the weed.
He'll ask you to come out sometime,
But never sets a day,
But still I think there are a few,
Who are not built that way.

The farmer thinks he's overworked,
Ah, well, perhaps he is,
But he requires no lightning speed
In going about his biz.
And often when the work is slack,
With smile that is serene,
He's burning up the country road,
With his new buz machine.

Salute, again I say, salute,
This man of high degree,
For in a measure he preserves,
The life of you and me.
You wonder why I know so well,
The man behind the plow,
Because I was a farmer's boy,
And keep tab on them now.

July 11, 1919.

IRISH STEW

Long years ago when we were kids,
We used to live with Ma and Dad
Upon a handsome country farm,
And all good things to eat we had.
We grew them in the garden,
And we grew them in the field,
The henhouse, and the pastures, too,
Right luscious gifts did yield.
Our Mother was a dandy cook,
And I remember well,
A favorite dish she used to make,
And how it used to smell,
And how it tasted, too;
With meat and onions, and a lot
Of other things boiled in the pot,
Then Mother served it steaming hot,
And called it Irish Stew.

Old Ireland to Old Johnnie Bull
No more will bow the knee,
The Emerald Isle of pride and fame,
From Britain's rule soon will be free.
They're fighting there, they're fighting here,
They're fighting every day,
The Shamrock and the Blarney stone,
Are sure to win their way.
For centuries has England ruled this
Little Isle so green,
But soon the day of liberty
And freedom will be seen.
With kings they will be through.
But will they settle down at last,
And profit by the scenes now past,
Or will they mix it thick and fast,
And will the Irish Stew.

July 18, 1919.

SONG OF THE REAPER

Just as the sun o'er the hills is peeping,
Out in the grain field clear and bright,
Rises the voice of the busy reaper,
Singing a song that is gay and light.
Just as the dawn of day is breaking,
Clear and sweet on the air it rings,
Reaping the harvest for food, not drinks,
This is the song that the reaper sings.

Felling the grain that is ripe and bending,
Forward and backward the sickle flys,
Wheel, rake and knotter in joyful union,
Work 'neath the glow of the summer skies.
Merry the sound, as a songbird's warbling,
Cheerful the message of hope it brings,
Binding the bundles for bread, not booze,
This is the song that the reaper sings.

Welcome the time of the harvest golden,
Welcome the gleamers of good today;
Welcome the thought that has set our country
Free from strong drink, that so long held sway.
Welcome the song of the busy reaper,
Growing more sweet as it twines and clings,
Helping to make earth a Heaven, not hell,
This is the song that the reaper sings.

July 25, 1919.

WHERE ARE YOU AT?

Well, have you laid aside your work,
And taken a vacation?
Or are you keeping at the grind,
'Mid grief and irritation?
Are you down at the lakeside inn,
In summer raiment stunning?

Or do you delve in ledgers deep,
And keep the business running?
Are you in factory, shop or mill,
With noise and air oppressing?
Or are you bathing in the suds,
And foamy waves caressing?
Within the city's heat and dust,
Are you today despairing,
Or in the country bright and fair,
Your health and strength repairing?
Are you contented with your lot,
And are you gay and cheerful?
Or does your yoke a burden seem,
And are you sad and tearful?
But if your days are dark and dreary,
Don't worry, never mind it,
There's plenty good in each of you,
If you but dig and find it.
And should you no vacation get,
You must be bright and sunny,
There's 57 kinds of ways
That you can spend your money.
And if a quiet rest you wish,
Instead of noise and sports,
Then Maywood is the king and queen
Of summer home resorts.

August 1, 1919.

THE LIFELESS PATH

If you a quiet place would find,
A spot of peaceful loneliness,
Where shattered nerves may be restored,
Where weak and ill may convalesce;
If you would rest all undisturbed,
And from earth's turmoils you would stray,
Vamoose, and pitch your tent, along
The Roaring Elgin's Right of Way.

The tracks seem dead, all life seems gone,
We hear no whistles by our door;
No cringing wheels, no clanging bells,
The crossing man we see no more.
The power house is calm and still,
The dynamos no longer spin,
The rails each day more rusty grow,
The Roaring Elgin seems all in.

No more around the graceful curves,
The clinging trailer creeps and cracks,
And nothing but the summer breeze,
Is playing up and down the tracks.
The news man sits within his stand,
And counts his losses day by day,
And wonders when he'll earn a meal,
Along the Roaring Elgin's way.

At twilight's calm and quiet hour,
Or 'neath the gentle beaming moon,
Oh what a lover's lane 'twould be,
To walk and wander, rest and spoon.
We know not when the bells will clang,
Or whistle shriek with might and main,
But we must patient be until
The Roaring Elgin roars again.

August 8, 1919.

THE PROFITEER

Say, have you met the Profiteer?
Or have you only met his way,
And do you know him by his looks,
Or only by the price you pay?
He seems forever on the job,
And busy keeps throughout the year,
He grabs everything we need
The greedy, grasping Profiteer.

There's nothing that we eat or wear,
But what has felt his clammy claws,
He plans, manipulates and schemes,
To gather all within his paws.
His profits grow and multiply,
And o'er his hoard he'll gloat and lear,
While babies cold and hungry go,
To satisfy the Profiteer.

He spreads distrust throughout our land,
In him all joy is swallowed up,
The cat must go without her milk,
There's not a biscuit for the pup.
We thought that we had wonders done,
When we tossed out the wine and beer,
But it will be a mightier job
To ostracise the Profiteer.

Our government is but a joke,
This robbing all has legal been,
It cannot fine or send to jail,
When laws protect these sordid men.
Republicans should blush in shame,
And Democrats grow white in fear,
In fifty years they've made no laws,
To save us from the Profiteer.

This greedy, heartless, soulless man,
What mighty visions he must see,
Of puny children, sick and weak,
Conditions made by such as he,
And ill-clad mothers, tired and spent,
With pale white lips, that taunt and jeer,
And bony hands outstretched to haunt
The quaking, shivering Profiteer.

If neither laws nor moral rights
Can save us from these men of greed,
We soon must be a law ourselves,
And take the things we own and need.
Then call up Satan from his den,
And let these words fall on his ears,
Set all your fires in Hell ablaze,
We're sending you our Profiteers.

August 15, 1919.

BACK TO THE GRIND

Come children, do the double quick,
And finish up your summer's fun,
The days and weeks are flying fast,
Vacation time will soon be done.
And soon by car, on foot or bike,
Back to the schoolroom you must hike.

For you the birds have sung their songs,
The flowers for you have bloomed en masse,
The ponds and brooks have yielded up,
A frog, a turtle, or a bass.
The sun has made your daytime bright,
The breeze has rested you at night.

So look about you, little folks,
And see what you have still to do,
Vacation time will soon call out:
"Far as we go," and then you're through.
In just ten days more, ding, dong, ding,
The school bells once again will ring.

August 22, 1919.

MEXICO

Oh Mexico, oh Mexico,
Why do you look for trouble?
For years we've stood your nasty ways,
And still you spout and bubble.
We soon shall have to spank you so,
And make you decent, Mexico.

FOOLS STILL

When Shakespeare wrote long years ago,
"What fools these mortals be,"
I wonder if he thought the blow
Would fall on you and me?
I wonder if he thought this earth,
With all its great supply,
Would some day be a camp of want
For folks like you and I?
And did he think that men today
Would quarrel, fight and kill,
And as Cain slew his brother,
They would slay their brothers still?
And as we view the awful strife
On every land and sea,
We still can say as Shakespeare said,
What fools these mortals be.

What Shakespeare said long years ago
Is just as true today,
For passion, envy, hate and greed
Hold peace and love at bay.
Our liberty is held in check
By men of grafts and bribes,
And freedom soon will not be known
Except by savage tribes.
While half the world all earnest strive
To climb the rugged hill,
The other seeks to find new ways
To rob, destroy and kill.
And so it seems today, as then,
'Tis selfishness that rules,
And now we say as Shakespeare said,
What fools, what fools, what fools!

August 29, 1919.

PASSED UP

Our President, so we are told,
Is going to make a little tour,
And tell to all the ifs and ands,
Explain the why and the wherefor.
From Concord down to Galveston,
From New Orleans up to Duluth,
From Hoboken to Sacramento,
Our people soon shall know the truth.
But we may plod right gaily on,
And undisturbed pursue our jobs,
All unmolested we shall be,
Chicago will not see His Knobs.

Just why this is we do not know,
His reasoning is doubtless right,
Perhaps it is a compliment,
We hope that it is not a slight.
Chicago's gates are open wide
To men of state or great renown,
And many willing ones to show
The wealth and beauty of our town.
A thousand sights here wait the view,
Of all from home or foreign lands,
Three million people wait to know
The whys and wheres, the ifs and ands.

There are many things that he could do
To save our people from the blues.
He might console our packers who
Wear ink-stained hats, and ragged shoes.
He would enjoy our handsome parks,
Our pier and beaches, too, I think;
And could he view our famous zoo
He might point out the missing link.
Why prospect on these useless claims,
He will not come nor send excuse,
Perhaps he thinks we know it all,
Perhaps he thinks it is no use.

September 5, 1919.

PERSHING

Far from the East at early dawn,
There comes a mighty roar;
It is the cheering of the throng,
Along New England's shore.
They come to greet a soldier brave,
Returning to his home,

Who was our guide to victory,
Across the ocean's foam.
They come with thanks and gratefulness,
Far more than words can tell,
For a soldier of our nation,
Who has done his duty well.
What shall we say of this brave man
Returning home again,
From gory fields of conflict,
Throughout Alsace Lorraine?
We should not decorate his breast
With trophies of the war,
We have not got a cross of iron,
Nor yet the croix de guerre.
We cannot make him sir or knight,
Count, earl, duke or lord,
But he should ever have from us
The best we can afford.
He's been, he's seen, he ought to know,
So let us all stand pat,
Just treat him as a soldier true,
And let it go at that.

THE MORBID MINDS

Our village hall is filled today,
With men of knowledge, skill and science,
These learned creatures represent
Chicago's wisdom-spreading giants.
From full ten miles away they come,
Into this unpretentious town,
And each behind a cigarette,
Seeks lofty fame and great renown.
'Tis murder that has brought this crowd,
They welcome foul deed of this kind;
It helps them to fill up their sheets,
With things that please the morbid mind.

Around the village hall they cling,
In gangs, in droves, in throngs, in crowds,
As to their weeds they raise the match,
The smoke rolls up in dark, black clouds.
They chase wild rumor 'round the block,
But when he beats it through the streets,
They go back to the village hall,
And once again resume their seats.

These creatures are more morbid still
Than those they seek to entertain,
They write stuff that makes ten year olds,
Laugh long, then read, then laugh again.
The Burdock and the Cockle burs,
As in the town of Bellwood grow,
Are found in every vacant lot
Throughout our town these youngsters know.

And scrap and finecut, old men now
Refrain from using, for they find
They may accused of murder be,
By those who have a morbid mind.

Their wise conclusions they present,
To Sweeney with great stress and vim,
And when with them he coincides,
They charge these fool things up to him.
But all who know our old-time chief,
Dispel your fears, and hope renew,
For I can read between the lines,
That Sweeney is some kidder, too.
Until the world wants better things,
We to this bunk must be resigned,
For glaring headlines must be had,
To satisfy the Morbid Mind.

September 19, 1919.

THE OPENING GAMES—1919

Harrison Tech. vs. Proviso

The season's opening day arrived,
The clouds hung dark and gray,
But every member of the school,
Was eager for the fray.
The air was damp, the ground was wet,
But all were feeling fine,
And confidence grew chummy,
With the boys who bucked the line.
And at the all-important hour,
The sun shone bright and fair;
The girls had smiled the clouds away,
And all was gladness there.

At 1 p. m. the battling lads
Made ready for the fight,
With padded shoulders, nose and shins,
They were a comic sight.
And as these form-disfigured youths
Went bounding o'er the green,
Fond mothers could not tell their sons
From those they'd never seen.
The girl fans all were on the job,
Their boundless joys to tell;
The leader of the whoops and cheers,
Was ready with his yell.

"The lean, long, lanky center boob
Seemed everywhere at once."

At last the lightweight game was on,
And soon the air was full
Of heels and heads, of hands and feet,
'Twas ram and jam and pull.
The quarter, half, fullback and guards,
Were there with jolts and punts,
The lean, long, lanky center boob,
Seemed everywhere at once.
And when the smoke of battle cleared,
Those who beheld the score,
Saw H.-T. had a zero mark,
Proviso 24.

And then the beefy class was called,
The teams of heavyweights,
Though far more husky they appeared,
They were not more sedate.
They rushed the right, they tackled left,
As though the field they'd plow;
Down, bump, thud, went the H.-T. stars,
The girl fans shouted y-e-o-w!
The goals and touchdowns piled up
To 57 or so,
The game was played, three cheers were given,
H.-T. again scored 0.

September 26, 1919.

A MODERN JOHN THE BAPTIST

(A news items—John D. Rockefeller donates $2,000,000 for Baptist ministers.)

We have read of John the Baptist,
Or we of him have heard,
And how to all the people,
He preached the Holy Word.
He taught man how to preach and pray,
And reach the final goal;
He told the sinner to rejoice,
And how to save his soul.
He pointed out the ways of truth,
That all might rightly know;
Yes, John was quite a righteous man,
The Bible tells us so.

And lo! today within our midst,
A modern John comes forth,
And to the Baptists of our land,
In East, West, South and North,
A message of good cheer and love,
In which they all may join,
A generous contribution
Of two millions of his coin.
To all the Baptist ministers,
He sends bread, meat and coals,
He comforts all their bodies,
But says naught of their souls.

Now all you auto drivers,
Who by the church doors pass,
You help to pay the preachers
When you fill your tanks with gas.
And thoughtful, earnest students,
That o'er their lessons toil,
All help John D. to pay the bill,
Who burn the midnight oil.

And cheerless, weary, homeless men,
Who joy and comfort search,
Should find a mighty welcome now,
In every Baptist church.

October 3, 1919.

THE PICTURE

Look in the mirror when day is dawning,
Notice the picture reflected there.
Is it the kind that is bright and pleasing,
That you would cherish with love and care?
Is it the kind that with pride and gladness,
You to your callers would daily show?
Is it the kind that makes gay and cheerful
Those whom you meet as to work you go?
Is it the kind that will please your teacher
As to the schoolroom you go each day?
Is it a picture reflecting kindness,
Spreading bright sunshine along the way?
Or is it one that is dull and cheerless,
Gloomy and sad, and portrays despair,
And does its shadings need re-touching
By a skilled artist, here and there?
If then the picture is all untruthful,
Turn to the artist whose name is love;
He is at hand and is ever ready,
All spots and blemishes to remove.
Look then each morn when the day is dawning
For what the mirror reflects is true,
And what you see in this bright reflector
Is just what others behold in you.

October 10, 1919.

JACK FROST

Jack Frost, who went away last spring,
Is snooping 'round again,
He is rapping at the kitchen door
And peeping through the pane.
He is creeping o'er the housetops,
He is everywhere about;
He'll be nosing down the chimney,
If you do not keep him out.
The blossoms now have withered,
Every leaf is turning brown;
Through the early morning hours,
He is busy hustling 'round.
So kindle up a little blaze,
And close your doors at night,
For Jack Frost will never enter
Where the fires are burning bright.

But no doubt the old white rascal
Has a mission to fulfill,
As he spreads his silvery mantle
Over every vale and hill.
For the golden corn must ripen,
And the gardens cease to grow,
That the crops may all be gathered,
Ere the winter's cold and snow.
The air grows crisp and snappy,
As the summer sunshine ends,
And you feel the real good morning,
When you say it to your friends.
So let us for our guest prepare,
In each and every home,
For the fall would be a failure,
If the old cuss didn't come.

October 17, 1919.

ROOSEVELT

Stubborn, insistent, firm and strong,
Born to conquer and command;
Willing and ready, bold and rough,
Winning his course with an honest hand;
Eager to battle for truth and right,
Upholding liberty day by day,
Ever defending the flag he loved,
Showing no mercy to evil's way—
Roosevelt.

Scholar, warrior and statesman he,
Ever all mindful of duty's needs,
Leading his followers, step by step,
Into a mecca of noble deeds;
Student of country, home and friends,
Warrior ever with unstained sword,
Statesman, believed in throughout the world,
Holding our freedom by deed and word—
Roosevelt.

What shall I say of this manly man,
Lover of justice and friend of all;
Fearless, untiring, tried and true,
Answering HERE to his country's call.
Though through the years we shall gather still,
Love and affection for heroes proved,
We in our hearts shall fore'er find room
For the Rough Rider, the boys all loved—
Roosevelt.

October 24, 1919.

HALLOWE'EN

Come, children, gather up your wits,
This jolly time was made for you,
So think of all the deviltry
That you and others like to do.
If I can help you out a bit,
'Twill be a pleasant task today,
For I was sure a youngster once,
Although I now am turning gray.
Old fogies should retire from view,
And grouchy ones keep out of sight;
Let youth and beauty have their fling,
For it is Hallowe'en tonight.

Go rouse old snoozer from his nap,
By blowing beans against the pane,
And when he settles down once more,
Give him a broadside once again.
Go tie old grumpy's door knob tight,
And mark his windows up with soap,
Then ring his doorbell loud and long,
And watch him pull against the rope.
Let tick-tacks clatter on the glass,
And Jack-o'-lanterns flare up bright;
Let ghosts and goblins prance about,
For it is Hallowe'en tonight.

The anxious maiden, walking down
The cellar steps, so I am told,
If she but in a mirror look,
Her future hubby will behold.
And with a nice, long apple peel,
To carry out this little game,
And o'er her shoulder toss the peel,
'Twill form the letter of his name.
Hang up your apples on a string,
And there let each one take a bite,

Or fish them from a well-filled tub,
For it is Hallowe'en tonight.

So let us all grow young once more,
In memory of the by-gone days,
And gather 'round the open hearth ,
And roast the chestnuts in the blaze.
And play the tunes we used to play,
And sing the songs we used to sing,
Drink cider as we used to drink,
That brings the joy it used to bring.
And let the young folks frolic on,
Each handsome youth and uncouth wight,
And all make merry once again,
For it is Hallowe'en tonight.

October 31, 1919.

BOOSTER'S BIRTHDAY NO. 2

Two years ago this morning, friends,
I first beheld the light of day,
And those who picked me up remarked,
That someone's mind had gone astray.
No future did there seem for me,
Until the first few weeks were past;
Some tittered, others sighed, and said,
"In three months he will breathe his last."
But I was filled with wholesome food,
And sheltered from the storms and cold,
A welcome found in every home,
And I today am two years old.

Within my pages, you will find
No gossip there to anger you.
My only mission is to serve,
And do the good I find to do.
So if you want to buy a pup,
Or sell a nice Angora cat,
Or get a hubby or a wife,
I've got these little jobs down pat.
The stores that advertise with me,
Have no old stock to pack away,
I know just how to turn the trick,
For I am two years old today.

I've sailed the ocean many times,
On battlefields of France I've been,
I've cheered the soldiers in the trench,
I've heard the cannon's roaring din.
Around the campfire's flaring light,
I've brought the boys good news from home,
And in the churches, halls and clubs,
With cheerful messages I come.
And as I grow more useful still,
I hope someone both good and wise,
Will take me e're another year,
And boost me seven times my size.

November 7, 1919.

THE MISSING GARMENT

Has anybody seen the vest
I thought I safely shelved last May,
When birds were singing in the trees,
And flowers were blooming bright and gay?
In summertime I did not need
Its sheltering folds across my breast,
But now November's zephyrs blow,
I'm looking for my cast-off vest.

For days I've sought it everywhere,
And every place have cast about,
Old boxes, trunks, and closets, too,
Have all been ransacked inside out.
In attic, basement, on the roof,
I've looked with patience, zeal and zest,
But nowhere in our neighborhood,
Can I unearth my dear old vest.

I know not why it disappeared,
Or how it could have gone astray,
But this I know, that I shall miss,
That worn old vest so soft and gray,
It may be resting in a tree,
Where song birds used it for a nest,
Or alley cats may have a bed
Made from my ancient winter vest.

For many years it served me well,
When winter's snows around us crept,
When winds shrieked through the leafless boughs,
I ofttimes warm and cheerful kept.
And that is why I miss it now,
And why I seek and know no rest,
And I shall hunt until I find
My loved, my lost, my Scotch-tweed vest.

November 14, 1919.

THANKSGIVING

There are so many, many things
For which we should all thankful be,
That I could never, never tell
Them in this space assigned to me.
So I shall simply ask of you,
To use one hour to sit and think

Of countless blessings that we have,
Besides the things we eat and drink.
Upon this great material plane,
A wise intelligence has given
All products of a mighty earth,
All joys of an eternal heaven.
The greatest blessing ever known,
The sweetest story ever told,
Is, NOW, are we the sons of God.
And when this truth on us lays hold,
We then shall learn our strength and power,
And Love shall ever guide us here,
Thanksgiving Day will never end,
We shall be thankful all the year.

November 21, 1919.

THE CROSSING MAN

Early each morning, as daylight breaks,
Forth to his duty, he wends his way,
Sunshine or gloom, it matters not,
He works on faithful day by day.
There in the rainstorm, snow, or wind,
Heat of the summer or winter's cold,
Ever on watch for those passing by,
Guarding the safety of young and old.
Watching for trains that go whizzing by,
'Round and about him, his keen eyes scan,
Halting the speeders, who know no law,
This is the work of the Crossing Man.

Sundays and holidays has he none,
Eight hours each day was not made for him.
Six in the morning, 'till seven at night,
He must be patient and full of vim.
No time has he for a noonday meal,
He must give all for a public's need.

"Guarding the safety of young and old."

Still he is cheerful the whole day through,
And to discomfort, he gives no heed.
Though he is humble, he's worthy, too,
He is part of the world's great plan,
Speak to him, smile to him as you pass,
He is deserving, the Crossing Man.

November 28, 1919.

WHY WORRY?

In thinking o'er my present state,
There is but little cause, I find,
To worry, clamor, stew and fret,
Or labor with an angry mind.
When young I lived upon a farm,
Where there was plenty work to do,
At daybreak I began my tasks,
'Twas after dark when I got through.
This practice I continue still,
As daily to the yoke I bow,
I then worked sixteen hours each day,
And I work sixteen hours now.

I often think of years gone by,
When all good things I had to eat,
The home-made bread, pies, cakes and buns,
Sweet fruits, fresh butter, eggs and meat.
The trees, the bushes and the vines,
Grew bounteous crops in light and shade,
And fishes caught in rippling brooks,
A gorgeous breakfast often made.
But eat and stuff as I did then,
It dawns upon my mind somehow,
That I ate just three meals each day,
And three meals I am eating now.

I often think of old-time friends,
That years ago I used to know,
And wonder if they still recall
The things we did long, long ago.
I know that some have passed along,
And dwell within a higher plane,
I know that some here linger still,
But we shall all be joined again.
Now comes another pleasant thought,
And you may share it if you try,
Our old friends have not died but once,
And once is all we have to die.

December 5, 1919.

A CHALLENGE

Who wants to take the miner's place,
And do his work beneath the ground,
Where sunshine never finds its way,
Where there is neither light nor sound,
Where air is chilly, damp, and foul,
And comfort, there is not a trace;
Where danger lurks and darkness dwells—
Who wants to take the miner's place?

Who wants to eat the miner's food,
The cold, tough meat, the coarse, dark bread,
Within the gloomy caverns deep,
And naught but darkness overhead?
And who his coffee black would drink,
Could he have sugar if he would?
With dusty hands and grimy face—
Who wants to eat the miner's food?

Who wants to wear the miner's clothes,
The rustic, dark, ill-fitting suit,
The lantern cap he needs must wear,
The tiresome, heavy, hobnailed boot?
Who in this rough and dirty garb,
A single day would seek repose,
And cleanliness is all unknown—
Who wants to wear the miner's clothes?

Who now a miner's life would live,
And wear his clothes and eat his food?
Who now a miner's wife would be,
And rear the children of his blood?
If then his place you will not take,
You to him every aid should give.
His honest, hard work must be done,
If you in comfort eat and live.

December 12, 1919.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Come, fellows, draw another pay
And blow yourselves for books and toys,
Let children gather in your homes,
And revel in their Christmas joys.
Come, mothers, trim the Christmas trees
With ornaments and tinsel bright,
And on each branch a candle fix
That it may glow on Christmas night.
For we are told the end is near,
That on December twenty-seven,
We close our records here on earth,
And open up our books in Heaven.
Astronomers have told us this,
They have the whole thing figured out,
And I shall try to tell you here,
Just how this thing will come about,

The earth will rise and hit the sun,
The sun will sail and bump the moon,
The stars will try to loop the loop,
And all be out of kilter soon.
When Mars tries out a center rush,
And Saturn makes a forward pass,
The earth, the sun, the moon and stars,
Will form a homogeneous mass.
When winds and waters sweep and roar,
When meteors leap and fires flash,
When Father Time throws up the sponge,
The Universe will go to smash.
What care we for the glad New Year,
Go spend and buy, and buy and spend,
This Christmas Day should be a beaut,
If two days later all must end.
But if we altogether go,
Or if we altogether stay,
I wish to each and every one,
A Happy, Merry Christmas Day.

December 19, 1919.

RAZZLE-DAZZLE

Another year is almost gone,
And I believe we're almost glad,
Though peace was long ago declared,
We're having warlike times, by dad.
The wets and drys are at it still,
We know not who shall win or lose,
And men who ought to have more sense,
Are daily snooping 'round for booze.
Our government is now defied,
Its laws ignored on every hand,
While courts supreme declare these laws,
Are regular and ought to stand.
But still men gather 'round in groups,
And to each other often tell,

How they pay 50 cents a throw,
For H_2O and H. C. L.
But when from foreign land they come,
And at our methods shake their heads,
We fire them back across the sea,
And brand them with the name of Reds.
The women have grown warlike, too,
They claim high prices to resent,
But crowds are fighting in the Loop,
To blow in every blooming cent.
Another contest now is on,
And seems spread out from coast to coast,
In various ways men scheme and plan,
To see which ones can steal the most.
Still none of us seem very bad,
And at despair I snap my thumb,
It all looks regular to me,
And from it all some good will come.
And one bright thought now comes to me,
Cheer up, dear girls, and don't feel blue,
The boys have had their pick three years,
But 1920 is for you.
If you will live as grandma lived,
And sew and mend and bake and stew,
Your hubby's pay will meet your needs,
You'll wiser be and happier, too.
So let us greet the glad New Year,
With ringing bells and joyous song,
And may we find a better way,
As 1920 jogs along.

BUMPING THE BUMPS

Written by request for the graduation class of 1918, Proviso Township High School, and published in the annual *Provi.*

To the gay little Freshmen who come to our school,
With a simper, a smile and a smirk,
A bit of advice we now offer to you,
That may help you along with your work.
We know in eighth grade you were witty and wise,
And you frequently cut quite a dash;
But the tag that is printed and tied to you here
Plainly shows you're a little too fresh.
So look to your manners, and be on your guard,
It may save you from many hard thumps;
And we Seniors know just what we're talking about,
For we have bumped over the bumps.

To the Sophomores who fail to have serious thoughts,
And still think all life is a joke,
It is time to hitch on to a load of good sense,
And pull steadily under the yoke.
For the harvest time's passing, and soon will be gone,
And these golden days never return;
So stop kidding Johnnie and pestering Sue,
If Latin and Greek you would learn.
Get right down to business, and hew to the line,
Or you'll soon have to make extra jumps;
We Seniors know how to get down to brass tacks,
For we have bumped over the bumps.

And to you, dear Juniors, so heart-sick and tired,
This is no time for sadness nor blues;
Be cheerful, be faithful, the time is not far,
When you will be wearing our shoes.
You have taken two trenches, will soon have the third,
So stand your ground bravely and fight;
And mountains that rise up before you at morn,
Will look like mere molehills toward night.
You have crossed the wide rivers, you've swept o'er the field,
You have tramped o'er foul morass and lumps;
And we Seniors know just what your trials have been,
For we have bumped over the bumps.

And now all good Seniors must rally around,
And to uphold our colors must strive;
We must strap on our knapsacks and shoulder our guns,
And line up to make our last drive.
All eyes are turned on us behind and before,
We've had plenty of water and food;
Our captains have drilled us, we're trained to the hour,
And everyone here must make good.
And when we have won this great battle with books
And out o'er the world each one humps,
We shall oft live in memory our school days again,
And still keep on bumping the bumps.

HOLDING THEIR OWN

Written for the Proviso High School paper, *The Pageant*. Two weeks later the tie was played off on neutral grounds. Proviso boys won and also won the Suburban League championship for 1919.

Some say the game stood naught to naught,
To me it does not look that way;
For I a glorious victory saw
Upon the field that Saturday.
I saw our noble, battling lads
Charge forward, stand and charge again;
I saw them stumble, fall, then rise,
And smiling, show no sign of pain.
I saw the slight but gamey boys,
By huskier ones aside were thrown;
And I beheld what pleased me much:
I saw our Lightweights hold their own.

Inspiring 'twas, we should feel proud;
They drew their friends, they held their foes;
Their schoolmates, parents, teachers, friends,
Stood back of them in groups and rows.
Once, twice and thrice, their own friends cheered,
As Oak Park's boys came to the game;
But when they entered for the fray,
No cheers for them from Oak Park came.
But confidence was at their side,
And on each face good cheer was shown;
And though good luck seemed far away
They through each quarter held their own.

So think not, boys, that you have failed,
For you to us a message bring;
A seed, a culture or a germ,
From which some usefulness must spring.
How many of us hold our own
As day by day our work we do,

And are we earnest, thoughtful, brave,
As in your school-day games are you?
Then strive each day to hold your own
As you o'er games and lessons pour;
For if each day you hold your own,
Ere long you'll win the victor's score.

FAREWELL, GARFIELD

Class song written for the Eighth Grade Graduating Class, Jan. 1, 1921. Garfield School, Maywood, Ill.

(Tune, Maryland, My Maryland)

Dear Garfield School, to thee we sing,
Fare thee well, now fare thee well;
With love for thee our voices ring,
Fare thee well, now fare thee well.
With thee we spent our first school days,
With thee we learned our childhood plays;
With thee we sang our merry lays,
Fare thee well, now fare thee well.

We loved our teachers every one,
Fare thee well, now fare thee well;
They joined with us in work and fun,
Fare thee well, now fare thee well.
We know thy comfort, joy and cheer,
Thy shady grounds to us are dear;
They helped us on from year to year,
Fare thee well, now fare thee well.

Our school days with thee now are done,
Fare thee well, now fare thee well;
And we thy choicest gift have won,
Fare thee well, now fare thee well.
Our happy hours with thee are o'er,
Tonight we pass out from thy door;
But we shall love thee evermore,
Dear old Garfield, fare thee well.

A LETTER

Dear Brother Bob:
I wonder if the same old sun still rises every morn,
And shines upon the same old house, where you and I were born.
I wonder if the same old moon and stars up in the sky
Come forth when daylight fades away, and evening shades draw nigh.

I wonder if the same old trees, ash, elm and poplars tall,
Still put on coats of green in Spring, and shed them in the fall.
I wonder if the maple boughs still cast their shadows o'er
The same old grounds where you and I played in those days of yore.

I wonder if the butter-cup, the violet and wild rose,
The daisy, lark-spur and blue-bell still in the meadow grows.
I wonder if the bob-o-link, the robin and the thrush,
The meadow-lark and oriole still sing from reed and bush.

I wonder if the cherry, peach, plum and apple trees
Still glow with blossoms pure and sweet, and scent the evening breeze.
I wonder if the fields of wheat, oats, barley, rye and corn,
Still proudly wave in beauty's pride, and sip the dews of morn.

I wonder if the barefoot boys, as once did you and I,
Still know the joys of pond and creek and green-clad knolls near by.
I wonder if the gentle herds that now in pastures graze
Are watched and tended by those boys, as in the olden days.

I wonder if the same old school house stands majestic still,
And if, in winter, home-made sleds go coasting down the hill.
I wonder if the same old games are played each day and week,
Such as red liner, Rock on David tag and hide and seek.

I wonder if the grand old barn, filled from the meadow sweet,
Still shelters horses, calves and cows from winter's snow and sleet.
I wonder if the deep old well, with windmill towering high,
Still flows with nectar cool and sweet for those who live near by.

I wonder if around that house small children romp and run,
And chase the butterfly and bee, light flitting in the sun.
I wonder if the humming bird, the wren and chickadee
Are swinging, clinging, winging still on flower and shrub and tree.

I wonder if the father toils with zeal that never tires,
Providing all the winter's needs, of clothing, food and fires.
I wonder if a group of nine, around the festal board,
Still feed on nature's bounteous gifts and labor's rich reward.

Where you and I were born

I wonder if a mother kneels within those rooms at night,
And prays to Him who ruleth all, to guide their steps aright.
I think and write, and write and think of days now gone forever,
But bless the time, dear brother mine, we all were home together.

And when our days on earth are done, we meet in that great yonder,
Shall we behold those scenes again? I wonder, O, I wonder.

A ROTTEN TOOTH

Poor Germany has got a tooth
That is decayed and sore;
The more good treatment it receives,
It aches and pains the more.
It has been polished, brushed and filled,
And long has worn a crown,
But still the face of Germany
Is caused to scowl and frown.

A consultation has been called,
Of men who do good deeds,
To aid in giving Germany
Relief she so much needs.
And after long and untiring search
And ceaseless toil, they find
There ne'er before was known a tooth
Of this peculiar kind.

This tooth is called a Kaiser,
It's rotten to the core,
No wonder Germany's poor face
Is so inflamed and sore.
It has a half a dozen roots
So crooked and so bad,
They soon would torment Germany
The same as did their dad.

And so poor Germany in hate,
And rage and anguish grew,
Until her body like her head,
Was poisoned through and through.
So after wise and just debate,
These men decide, forsooth,
If they would save Germany,
They must extract this tooth.

Then pain and rage will disappear,
And hate and vengeance flee,
And countless millions rest again,
O'er every land and sea.
And Germany in joy and love
All nations will adore,
She'll bless the ones who pulled her tooth,
And smile forever more.

ROLL CALL

Written for Roll Call night, Melrose Park Lodge No. 530, K. P., March 26, 1919.

Again around the festal board,
In fellowship we meet,
In answer to the yearly call,
Our brothers here to greet.

'Tis good to see each old time face,
And hear each old time voice;
'Tis good to see each old time smile,
It makes the soul rejoice.
'Tis good to clasp each friendly hand,
It thrills us through and through;
'Tis good to know each loyal heart
Still beats on, fond and true.
'Tis good to learn on Roll Call night,
That brothers far and near,
By letter or in pleasing tones
All answer, "I am here."

For near a quarter century
In this old hall we've met,
But pleasures of our early days,
Are fresh in memory yet.
The younger members at our board
In future years will tell,
The story of our joys tonight,
That in their memories dwell.
But we had trials and struggles, too,
And many heavy loads;
We've pulled, we've tugged, we've dragged along,
O'er rough and rugged roads.
But patience, courage and good will
We've strewed o'er hill and plain;
And when the storm cloud passed away
The sun shone bright again.

And so again on Roll Call night,
Those old time names we hear;
And messages from absent ones,
That bring us joy and cheer.
And may we one brief moment pause
And may each mind and heart,
One silent prayer of thanks return,
That we can still take part.

And may we, as the years roll by,
More seeds of friendship sow;
May deeds of charity and love,
Along our pathway grow.
And when it's Roll Call over there,
I have no doubt or fear;
I know that every good K. P.
Will answer, "I am here."

DOCTA KIONK

One cold day in winter, twenty-five years ago,
When the ground was all covered with a mantle of snow,
In my drug store alone, I was workin' that day,
On Nineteen Avenue, they now call Broada Way,
When in comes a man lookin' dis way and dat,
In a Prince Albert coat and a tall stove pipe hat,
An' he carried a cane an' a medicine case,
An' a broad smile was beamin' all over his face.
He look just like he step out a ban' box or trunk,
An' he shook my han', saying "I'm Docta Kionk."

Soon he get him an office way down on Lake Street,
An' all kinds of sickness he start in to treat,
Then the Docta get married, oh fina da girl,
With her bigga blue eyes, an' her long blonda curl,
An' she cheerful and jolly, an' make lots of frens,
An' she dress up in style and his money she spens,
But da docta he laff, and he didn't much care,
For he tink with his Munda no jane can compare.
To a long line of patients he shoota da bunk,
An dey han' out der pay-checks to Docta Kionk.

The Docta was young, an' was chuck full of vim,
An' it wasn't very long till he got in the swim,
An' he play da baseball, and billiards an' pool,
An' he bowl like a fiend, and he acta de fool,
An' he throwa da dice, an' he shuffle da card,
An' for any good feller he make a fine pard.
An' he drive a fast horse, and he bet on 'em too,
An' there ain't any tings dat the cuss didn't do,
An' he smile when he win or he loosa his junk,
For a jolly old sport was dis Docta Kionk.

An' so for da Docta gay years have rolled by,
An' through his joys and sorrows, old friends have been
nigh,
An' we're with him tonight for we all like him yet,
An' we'll eat of his bread, and we'll *drink what we get.*
We will play him a tune, an' we'll sing him a song,
An' we'll wish him more joys as the years roll along,
An' we'll wish for his wife and his family so dear,
That he may be spared them for many a year,
An' until our breath fails and our hearts go ker plunk,
We shall love and respect our frien' Docta Kionk.

THE MILLIONAIRE

Truth and Sarcasm

I'm glad I'm not a millionaire,
For he has just one pair of shoes,
And while the cobbler patches them,
Barefooted there, he waits and stews.
Of working shirts, he has but two,
Of overalls, one lonely pair,
They're fastened on with safety pins,
I'm glad I'm not a millionaire.

I'm glad I'm not a millionaire,
His wife and kids must learn to chew,
Tough beef carved from old grass-fed cows,
And how to turn steaks into stew.
Cold storage eggs, at breakfast time,
Would oft recall my boyhood care
Of chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese,
I'm glad I'm not a millionaire.

I'm glad I'm not a millionaire,
I would not know this Alco-nut,
I'd have to plaster all my bread,
With hunks of old time creamery but. . .
And brushed up, ink-stained derby lids,
I somehow do not like to wear,
And I can go bareheaded now,
I'm glad I'm not a millionaire.

I'm glad I'm not a millionaire,
For when Grand Opera is the rage,
I'd have to burn a hundred bucks,
To hear grand nothings, from the stage.

Charles Chaplin would not make me laugh,
Nor Douggie Fairbanks raise my hair,
The movies would not be for me,
I'm glad I'm not a millionaire.

I'm glad I'm not a millionaire,
For my good wife would never know,
How wading through the snowdrifts deep
Makes cheeks, nose, ears and fingers glow.
And our two youngsters going to school,
Would never sniff the cold, pure air,
For they would ride in a Sedan,
I'm glad I'm not a millionaire.

I'm glad I'm not a millionaire,
For when each Sunday comes about,
I'd have to join the Amen crowd,
And pray the Lord to help me out.
On jolly Tag Day, down the street
Safe in my limousine I'd tear,
The pretty tag girls I would miss,
I'm glad I'm not a millionaire.

I'm glad I'm not a millionaire,
And I am telling you no lies,
For to one hundred million souls,
I needs must not apologize.
But may this man be reconciled,
And all his grief and sorrows bear,
It must be worse for he who is
One hundred times a millionaire.

December 26, 1919.

A WHITE HOPE

For years we've sought to free ourselves
From cunning weasles, mice and rats,
We've pestered been with insect tribes,
And worried been with dogs and cats.
But wonderous help is now in sight,
And all our enemies must fall,
For we may buy without restraint,
This precious gift, Wood Alcohol.

No more mosquitoes 'round our heads,
Need be allowed to buzz and bite,
No more the moon-struck barking dog
Need wake us in the dead of night.
And if upon the back yard fence
The alley cats set up a squawl,
Just pour upon their furry tails
A few drops of Wood Alcohol.

It is too bad, I heard one say,
That we so many men should lose,
But think of all the millions that
Have croaked from drinking old-time booze.
And millions more would fall in line
If this new law we should recall,
'Tis better that a few pass on,
Assisted by Wood Alcohol.

So think of all the wonderous good
That may from this discovery grow,
The weasle, insects, bugs and flys,
In droves and swarms will have to go.
The reptiles in the jungles wild,
Who cling and wriggle, leap and crawl,
May now be safely gathered in
If gassed with Methyl Alcohol.

So let us build a monument
To he who first distilled the wood,
And write an anthem pure and sweet
For they who brought about this good.
Eradicate, obliterate, exterminate,
And banish all
Obnoxious things, with liquid, gas,
Or fumes of Methyl Alcohol.

January 2, 1920.

PROBABLY

The weather man sits
In his office up high,
He looks down on the earth,
He looks up at the sky;
He watches the sun,
And he studies the moon,
Then concludes it will probably
Do something soon.
If the wind from the northeast
Continues to blow,
Look out, now, good folks,
It will probably snow.
But if it flips back
To the southwest again,
Put your cravanettes on,
It will probably rain.
If you're tired of
Ten below zero, all right,
He will probably send you
A warm wave tonight;
But if you don't get it,
Then do not despair,
He will probably give you
A bit more hot air.
A few little thoughts
For your pleasure I bring,

The summer will probably
Follow the spring.
And those who sow bushels
Of fertilless seeds,
Will probably harvest
A nice bunch of weeds.
We probably soon
Of strong drink will be rid,
Did the hen beat the egg?
Well, she probably did.
And if his predictions fail
I have a hunch,
He will probably hand us
Another new bunch.
And why does he keep at it
Day after day?
Why, he probably pulls down
A pretty good pay.
And in all probability,
As on we go,
We shall read of the probable
Wind, rain and snow.
And he will still sit
In his office sublime,
While his probable lever
Still works overtime.

January 9, 1920.

OUR MOON

Astronomer, go hide in shame,
And let our happy moon alone;
For ages it has served mankind,
And o'er the earth has brightly shone.
The boundless blessings it has wrought,
No human tongue would dare to say,
So let it cheerfully sail on,
And still pursue its peaceful way.

I'm sure, when you were but a babe,
And nestling in your cradle deep,
You through the window watched the moon,
Until you tired and fell asleep.
And when in youth's glad day you dwelled,
And like all lovers learned to spoon,
You held your sweetheart's hand in yours,
While you together watched the moon.

And oft when driving o'er the hills,
Or through the woods, as night drew near,
To light your dark and dangerous path,
The gay, old moon rose bright and clear.
Behind the fleecy, drifting clouds,
At hide and seek you've watched it play,
A golden globe throughout the night,
A pale-faced moon all through the day.

And all along life's rugged road,
Has man beheld its ruddy glow,
Through summer's interlacing boughs,
Or beaming on the winter's snow.
Then why should man in search of fame,
Seek out this planet for a mark,
And with foul rockets pierce its heart,
And let the earth grow drear and dark.

Oh rarest orb of Heaven's own spheres,
Oh choicest ray of earth's dark night,
May ponderous bombs and rockets fail,
Live on, shine on, and give us light.
With confidence we hold thee free,
Thou art a part of God's supply,
And we, anticipating, wait,
For we shall know thee bye and bye.

January 16, 1920.

THE PALACE HEADLINERS

Down to the Palace playhouse,
Next week you ought to go,
For there you will be greeted
By our neighbors, Frank and Joe.
They'll make you laugh until you weep,
With stunts that's hard to beat,
And they may say to you, "Go out,"
But you just keep your seat.

For years these comrade brothers
Have traveled far and wide,
And neither feels just right without
The other by his side.
And when before the sparkling lights
Their yodel song they sing,
A roaring, cheering, howling throng
Soon make the rafters ring.

So don't forget the time and place,
And don't forget the boys,
Though you are loaded down with grief,
They bring you earthly joys.
Of course, friend Joe is quiet,
But Frank is full of tricks,
So I just thought I'd write a line,
And boost Old Number 6.

January 23, 1920.

WINTER

Oh Winter, thou art desolate and cold,
Thy black clouds hang above us
Like a pall.
Thy air is chill and damp,
Thy winds are bleak,
And dreariness seems hovering
Over all.

Thy snows are white,
But seem to bring no cheer,
Thy bells of long ago no longer ring,
No more a happy, cheerful, laughing throng
Their joyous, merry chorus nightly sing.
But still thy sun shines bright
And gives us hope,
And we should thankful be
And not complain,
For thou hast taught us all
Appreciate the more
The days when gentle springtime
Shall come to us again.

January 30, 1920.

FEBRUARY

Oh February, one and all
Should sing your praise from shore to shore;
You never fail to do your part,
And add a bit, one year in four.
All other months have thirty days,
Or thirty-one, to keep things straight,
But you have had to be content,
To hump along with twenty-eight.
Old Father Time, for centuries,
Has treated you with this abuse,
But you collect the odds and ends
And hand them over for our use.
So quietly you do your work
We never hear from you a peep,
But still the world beholds in you
A day that makes a whole year leap.

The maidens fair, in every land,
Now welcome you with winsome grace;
The happiness you bring to them,
Glows sweetly on each sunny face.
A privilege they now enjoy,
That comes to them one year in four,
And frees them from their lonesomeness
And makes them happy evermore.
And bachelor boys whose hearts were faint,
Who let the golden moments pass,
Should brush and primp and polish up,
And beam upon each hopeful lass.
Thy twenty-ninth day all should love,
And sacred in their memories keep,
The smallest, still the greatest month,
The month that makes the fourth year leap.

February 6, 1920.

THE SENIOR PLAY

The Seniors of Proviso High
Send forth a pleasing word today,
They tell us they will soon present
The 1920 Senior play.
This drama is for old and young—
I really think you ought to go.
The play is "As You Like It,"
So you can't afford to miss the show.

Upon the stage of Daily Life
So many actors we have got,
Are wording lines, and shifting scenes
And playing, as you like it, not.
So if our High School girls and boys
Can anguish, grief or sorrow route
By playing, as you like it, come
Cough up six bits and help them out.

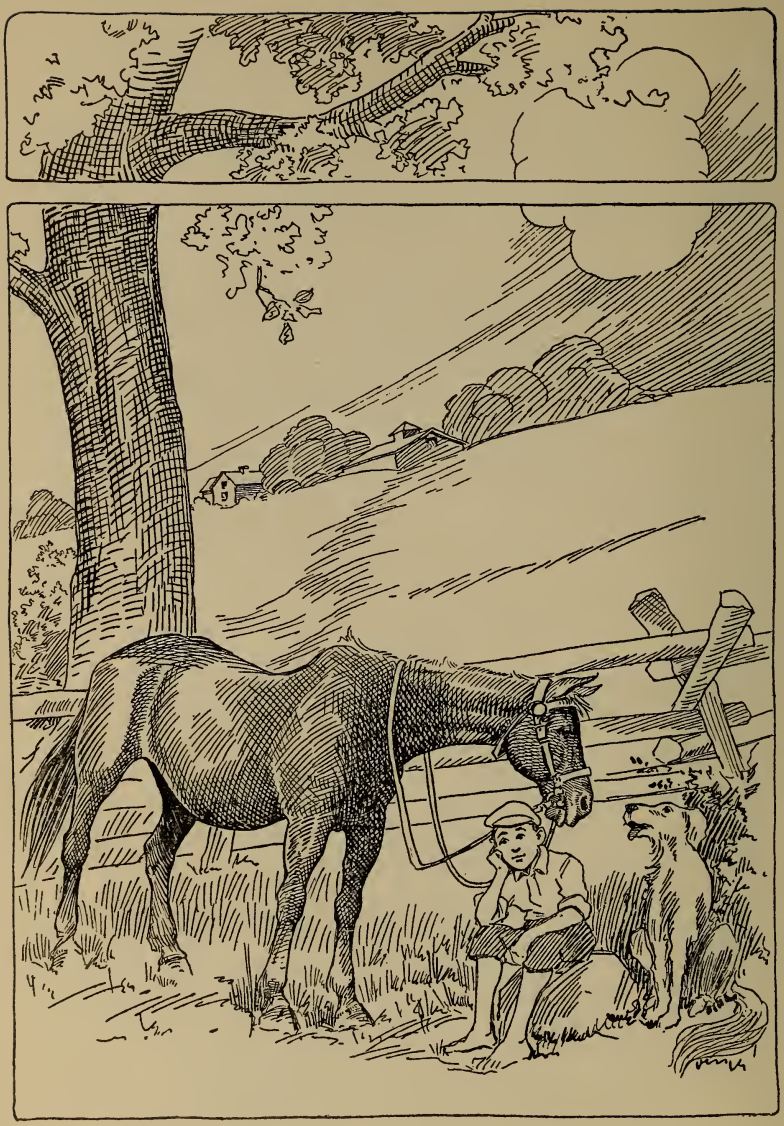
Longfellow, Whittier, nor Poe,
Will Carleton, Riley, Holmes, nor Saxe,
Field, Emerson, nor Ingelow
Could turn their writings into acts.
But Shakespeare, with his old quill pen,
Is in a class all by himself,
And one by one these other lads
Are laid upon the mantel shelf.

So let us rally to the call,
And with our youngsters keep in touch,
And may we render honor to
This man who gave the world so much.
Next Thursday and next Friday nights
Go see the play and join the dance;
Get something, as you like it, once,
It seems to be your only chance.

February 13, 1920.

PALS

I've been thinking, my lad, of the days long gone,
And beautiful thoughts are they,
And in memory's picture again I see,
The bright scenes of childhood's day.
I see a large house on the top of a hill,
And a red barn standing nigh,
And waving maples and shady elms,
And a windmill towering high.
And I see surrounding this country home,
Great fields of corn and wheat;
An orchard smiling with growing fruit,
And a meadow, pure and sweet.
And I see a boy with a grazing herd,
In the land beyond the bog,
And he shares his lunch with his daily pals,
A horse and a faithful dog.



"With a horse and dog as your truest friends"

And I see in visions again, my lad,
The blossoming buds and flowers,
And the winging birds as they chirp and sing,
Through the long, bright summer hours.
And the picture that memory paints for me,
Shows the fields of golden grain,
And the meadows sweet with new mown hay,
And the ripening corn again.
And it seems to me from the kitchen door,
A mother's face I meet,
With dark brown hair now streaked with gray,
But her smile still bright and sweet.

And each day as evening shades draw near,
She is looking down the course
For the coming home of the bare-legged boy,
With his pals, the dog and horse.

And this is a part of the story, lad,
Of the beautiful long ago,
And its scenes will fresh in my memory keep,
Though my hair be white as snow.
For the tireless, carefree days of youth,
When we sipped life's morning dew,
We love to see in dreams once more,
And each fond thought renew,
But to youth's bright day there has come a change,
And the days of the long ago,
With a horse and dog as your truest friends,
Alas, you may never know.
You may have your high power limousine,
Your aeroplane and gals,
But you may have worse, much worse, my lad,
Than a dog and a horse for pals.

February 20, 1920.

THEIR STUMBLING BLOCK

The women did not worry much
When clear havanas took a fly,
And plug tobacco doubled up,
And cigarettes went soaring high;
They did not seem to realize
That they had suffered from the rise.

The ladies hold their tempers well
When meat and flour take a jump,
When butter, eggs, and every kind
Of groceries are on the hump;
They little know and seldom ask
About the poor wage earner's task.

The women boldly met their fate
When all dress goods went on parade,
And leather jumped a dozen times,
Right noble sacrifice they made,
With higher skirts and lower shoes
And stockings of a thousand hues.

The women seemed in no distress
With higher fuel, light and gas,
And when the milk jumped up three cents
They simply smiled and let it pass;
The rent bill and the telephones,
They paid in cheerful, pleasing tones.

But when the sugar kiting went,
Oh, roaring winds and rolling sea,
The man who dared to sell a pound,
To wrath and anger doomed was he;
But still they rushed to every store,
Bought every grain, and yelled for more.

It seemed as if our gentle chefs
Would sugar butter, eggs and meat,
Or stir a little in our soup,
Or make the corned beef hash taste sweet;
And I am sure with such ado,
They lost some of their sweetness, too.

Now, if a sugar profiteer
Would ever fame or fortune seek,
Where women have a word to say,
He may as well just take a sneak;
For they will rise, with zest and vim
And soak the harpoon into him.

February 27, 1920.

MARCH

We hail thee, rough and rugged month,
With cheerful hearts and grateful words;
And everywhere a welcome sounds,
From crowing fowls and twittering birds.
Thou hast a mission to perform,
To rid us of the winter wild;
A part to play, a work to do,
To usher in the springtime mild.
But thou art equal to the task,
For thou art wiry, strong and bold;
And yet meek, kind, and gentle, too,
Thy sun is warm, thy winds are cold,
So let thy snowflakes sift and drive.
And let thy winds blow wild today;
Send forth thy coldest, fiercest blasts,
And hurry winter on its way.
Then let thy warm, bright shining sun
Upon the hills and mountain side,
Melt down the ponderous drift of snow,
And send it sweeping with the tide.
Send forth thy message to the birds,
That moving time is drawing near;

And tell the lifeless sleeping trees,
That time for action now is here.
Blow, snow and freeze, rain, melt and thaw,
Mix zero's chill with torrid air,
Make all thy elements as one,
Then let it burst, we'll not despair.
Oh, wildest month of all the twelve,
We bid you boldly meet the test;
Drive out the winter, bring forth spring,
Now do your worst, then do your best.

March 5, 1920.

THE MODERN PACIFIST

If you're feeling sad and weary,
And no happiness is thine,
If the day is dark and dreary,
And the sun has ceased to shine,
If your clothes are growing rusty,
And you haven't got a cent,
If the basement's smelling musty,
And the landlord whoops the rent,
If from work you're sick and tired,
Or disgruntled with the news—
Stick a record on the Vic.,
It will drive away the blues.

When within the home you're sitting,
When the toilsome day is gone,
And beside you Ma is knitting,
As the evening hours drag on,
And around you children playing,
Start to quarrel o'er the game,
And your temper fast is fraying,
As you shake each youthful frame,
When from out the leafless treetops,
Comes no music from the birds—
Put a record on the Vic.,
It will check the angry words,

If at night you sound are sleeping,
Safe within your feathery nest,
And the baby's painful weeping
Calls you from your peaceful rest,
And the operators slumber,
As you call for Dr. Bluff,
And before you get your number,
Everyone is in a huff,
Do not get alarmed and rattled,
Fear is such a great mistake—
Toss a record on the Vic.,
It will cure the bellyache.

When the Angel Gabriel calls you,
And the onward march is near,
Care you not what fate befalls you,
You may still have joy and cheer.
If you loved the mirth and dancing,
When your life was full of pep,
You may still keep right on prancing,
As you take the forward step.
Let not grief nor sadness hold you,
When the "Forward, march!" is given,
Lay a record on the Vic.,
You can Fox Trot straight to Heaven.

March 12, 1920.

BOB GLAD

Bob Glad is such a cheerful man,
No matter what the day may seem,
He says, "It is the best we have,"
And from his face the bright smiles beam,
The hottest day is not too hot,
The coldest day is not too cold,
The youngest tot is not too young,
The oldest sage is not too old.

His happy ways inspire me,
And when I would feel blue and sad,
I quickly turn my thoughts t'ward him,
I'm lucky that I know Bob Glad.

When Bob was just a little cuss,
He lived upon the prairies wild,
Where birds and flowers sung and bloomed,
And there grew up as Nature's child.
Along the streams and through the wood,
He played and rambled day by day,
And from each pool, tree, shrub and vine,
He learned to know of Nature's way.
He found in everything a cause,
And in each cause was nothing bad,
And so today he sees no wrong,
Each hour is pleasant to Bob Glad.

From Bob Glad I have learned the world
Was built in one great, perfect plan,
And all the earth is perfect still,
Although it seems mussed up by man.
And so this message now I bring,
To each sore, discontented elf,
If there is anything that's wrong,
The wrong must be within yourself.
And when this logic you digest,
Instead of being sour and mad,
You'll trot along about your work,
As pleased and smiling as Bob Glad.

March 19, 1920.

A JAZZY MUSE

Good morning friends, you're looking fine,
I wonder, have we met before?
Have I reclined within your home,
Or been escorted to your door?
I started thirty months ago,
A little of your town to see,
But did not think nor dream, that soon,
Three thousand homes would welcome me.
The Central Booster, I am called,
In that location I was born,
But I can boost for all the town,
For every part can blow my horn.
I'm not so much for local news,
My purpose is to advertise,
And my success has made me grow
In circulation and in size.
No matter what you have to sell,
No matter what you want to buy,
Just let your wants be known through me,
You'll be surprised when once you try.
So look me over, read each line,
If you don't find the things you seek,
Call 1334 on the phone,
And I will help you out next week.

The birds have come to us again,
To usher in the gladsome spring,
And every morning from the trees,
We hear the cheerful songs they sing.
The grass and buds will soon appear,
And soon the gentle April showers,
And with the sunshine warm and bright,

Will come the pretty, gay, wild flowers,
And though we love the flowers sweet,
And love to hear the bird's gay tune,
Real happiness we cannot know,
Until we meet the brides of June.

The Senators at Washington
Continue with their burlesque show,
And how enlightened we become,
To learn how much they do not know.
Each day the spindle takes a whirl,
They play the yellow, black and red,
And as our Uncle loses out,
They smoke their pills, and go to bed.
Our boys soon made the Germans quit
And ask for peace, that's very plain,
But long-haired boobs at Washington,
May cause our boys to fight again.
They fuss about Old Erin's cause,
But what has Ireland got to fear,
Let Irish people come and bring,
The blarney stone, and shamrocks here.
The U. S. A. should be their thought,
And if they had a grain of sand,
They would go after thieves and hogs,
That run at large within our land.

The spring elections are at hand,
And everything is fixed up fine,
You may not know the candidates,
But don't forget, they're all in line.
Your needs will not be overlooked,
Your wants, we trust will be supplied,
And if you don't know what you want,

You're lucky; just be satisfied.
You do not have to spend your coin,
Nor strain your voice, nor hurt your throat,
Just keep the time and place in mind,
Then roll out early folks, and vote.

If you are dwelling in a home,
A selfish landlord domineers,
And all you buy to eat and wear,
Is held by greedy profiteers.
Do not despair, you're still ahead,
Though seemingly you've been denied,
'Tis selfishness that's limited,
And greed that is dissatisfied.
They cannot stop the shining sun,
They cannot check the bird's sweet song,
They have no mortgage on a smile,
So merrily we'll go along.

March 26, 1920.

EASTER OFFERINGS

Again a joy has come to us,
A pleasant mission to perform,
To aid our friends and neighbors who
Have suffered in the frightful storm.
For years in patience they have toiled,
And saved a little day by day,
And in a twinkle of an eye,
Their earthly all was swept away.
I would not picture woe and want,
Nor paint the scenes of their distress,
Nor would I strive to make more real
That wretched feeling, loneliness.
Say not that hunger stalks about,
That desolation now is near,
For well we know that loving hearts
And willing hands are ever here.

If then a picture I should make,
Upon the canvas I would paint,
A people thoughtful, strong and brave,
Where goodness reigns without restraint.
Who having lost their earthly all,
Have risen high above their woes,
And in each vein and artery,
The blood of hope and courage flows.
A people on whose face is seen,
The smiles that banish grief and pain,
Where confidence remains intact,
And manhood blossoms forth again.

And I would picture one great earth,
Where countless, plenteous crops abound,
Where human needs are all supplied,
Where boundless, endless stores are found.
Where Greed is growing weak and spent,
And selfishness no longer known,
Where hate and envy disappear,
And Love has come to claim his own.
And Generosity I'd paint
With Charity close by his side,
While Gratitude in leaps and bounds,
Is growing, spreading far and wide.
And man to man this Easter tide,
Should Brothers be in Truth and love,
With offerings of gifts to all
And offerings of thanks to God.

April 2, 1920.

THE POET'S ANNIVERSARY

Hello, good folks, hello, I say,
I wonder do you realize
Two years have passed since first I placed
These little rhymes before your eyes.
For two times two and fifty weeks,
I every week have filled my space,
And in the class that I have joined,
I every week have held my place.
There's not a flower upon the bush,
There's not a leaf upon the tree,
A bud, a thorn, a blade of grass,
But what has loaned itself to me.
The woods, the fields, the flowing streams,
Sweet Nature, all her beauty lends,
The noisy fowls, the bleating lambs,
The twittering birds, have been my friends.
Oh, what an untold wealth have we,
The sun, the moon, the stars that shine,
The earth, the heavens and the sea,
In wonderous unity are mine.
Why then should I not write to please?
Why now should I not please to write
And give the saddest heart some cheer,
And make the darkest day seem bright.
So, for another year I'll strive
Each week still better work to do.
I hope that you will be with me,
For I shall try to be with you.

Dear girls, it grieved me Sunday last
To see you in such sad distress.
You could not show your Easter hat,

Your brand new oxfords, coat and dress.
The elements in one accord
Sent roaring winds and blinding snow,
Which seemed to say more plain than words,
That Easter was not made for show.

Come Seniors, throw aside all weight,
And buckle on your armor bright,
In eight weeks you must win your goal,
You'll have to make a running fight.
Your High School days will soon be o'er,
And how surprised you all will be
To learn how much you do not know,
Then out into the world you go.

April 9, 1920.

SPRING

Oh, what a heartless flirt is Spring.
A month ago she called and smiled,
And with a warmth that seemed sincere,
Our minds upset, our hearts beguiled.
So sweet and pretty did she seem,
We hoped that she had come to stay.
She toyed with us a day or two,
Then like an eel, she slipped away.
With winter lingering in our midst,
The happy birds have ceased to sing,
The birds and flowers are standing back,
So keenly do they feel the sting.
Spring to her signs has proved untrue.
She's coy and fickle as can be.
I would not even write of her,
But I must please our friend, Jim Lee.

April 16, 1920.

THE SWITCHMAN

Come, Switchman, let me shake your hand,
And wish for you a better day.
May you soon win an honest fight
And for your efforts draw more pay.
I know that strikes can never solve
The problems of the toiling mass,
But is their only weapon now
To save them from the monied class.
Some say dear man, no brains you need
To throw a switch or stop the trains.
I say the man who springs that talk
Is very much in need of brains.
With men who do the heavy grind,
The physical, soon wears away.
The bone, the muscle, and the blood
Must be renewed from day to day.
For flour, sugar, eggs and meat,
Potatoes, butter, milk and rice,
And all of his material needs
He has to pay the highest price.
For schoolbooks that his youngsters need,
For fuel, clothing, shoes and rent
He finds the lofty men of brains
Have not reduced the price one cent.
And so to win his way he strikes
As he has had to strike before.
He wins, but loses out again.
All things are raised a few points more.
Some time will selfishness and greed
Be banished from the human mind;
Some day will he who toils and strives
Full justice, peace and plenty find;
Some time at Washington, D. C.,
Our men of State may earn their pay.
The people serve instead of Trusts,
And set our Nation right some day.

THE BOOSTER'S MOTTO

Plug Along

Though you're small when you begin,
Plug along.
You have started out to win,
Plug along.
If you wish to make a name
No one here can crab your game,
You can get there just the same,
Plug along.

Though the road seems hard and rough,
Plug along.
You are made of proper stuff,
Plug along.
Though the day is dark and drear,
And you find no pleasure here,
Sunshine may be drawing near,
Plug along.

Though your friends should seem but few,
Plug along.
There are helping hands for you,
Plug along.
Though you try another mile,
Slipping, stumbling, all the while,
You will finish with a smile,
Plug along.

If your lessons you would learn,
Plug along.
If for higher marks you yearn,
Plug along.
Would you keep up with your class,
If you wish each test to pass
And escape the teacher's sass,
Plug along.

If you wish to gain the heights,
Plug along.
No one can withhold your rights,
Plug along.
If you cannot lead the way,
Closely by our motto stay.
You will lead another day,
Plug, plug along.

April 23, 1920.

THE OVERALL RECRUITS

Our friends at last have found a way
To break the clothing Profiteer;
To make him come down off his perch
And mingle with the lowly here.
Our Statesmen seem to have combined
With men of selfishness and greed,
And millions will no more rely
On them for any help they need.
The robbing clothier is the first
On whom this retribution falls,
His customers now prance about
In jaunty, nifty overalls.

These kind of suits appeal to me,
They take me back to days of yore,
And old-time scenes upon the farm,
When all the boys blue drillings wore.
At feeding hogs and other work
Our suits got greasy, mussed and torn,
But mother always had for us
A fresh, clean suit each Sunday morn.
So I can live again the days
That thought and memory now recalls,
And now to tend the two-legged hogs
We all can don our overalls.

The chorus girls, so I am told,
In denim suits look very nice,
And tickets now in bald head row
Are put on sale at half the price.
Silk hosiery will take a drop—
I mean in price, so do not laugh;
And fancy togs of every kind
Will very soon be sold for half.
The summer time will soon be here,
With outdoor games, and lakeside balls,
We'll bump the clothing profiteer,
With bathing suits and overalls.

MOTHER

(Dedicated to Mothers' Day)

How can I picture within my thoughts,
She who so sweetly has won her way
All through the trials that her first-born brings,
All through the cares of a long, long day.
Bright as the blossoms that ope in spring,
Sweet as the roses that bloom in June,
Gentle as spray from the whispering brook,
Cheerful and gay as the songbirds' tune.
Only as these shall I liken her,
For I can see no other,
Happy, contented, serene and pure,
Beautiful woman—mother.
How can I tell in my feeble words,
Of she who merits my greatest praise,
Crowned with the fullness of womanhood,
Glowing o'er all as the sun's bright rays.
Strong as the oak with its generous boughs,

Firm as the rock on the mountain side,
Brave as a lioness in her home,
Calm as the breezes that fan the tide,
Patiently working with childish minds,
Teaching, love one another,
Godlike, unselfish, devoted, true,
Glorified woman—mother.

How can I cherish within my heart,
She who so richly deserves my love,
She is the answer to earnest prayer,
God's will on earth, as in realms above.
Mother, as girlhood is passed along,
And to this sacrifice gives no heed,
Mother, as year after year rolls by,
Right, true and faithful in word and deed.
Then in my thoughts my words, my heart,
Naught shall her memory smother,
Hopeful, untiring, resistless, good,
Wonderful woman—mother.

May 7, 1920.

ROOSEVELT ROAD

If Teddy can look down on us,
I'm sure his soul with joy must glow,
To see the things there is to see
And know the things there is to know.
All through this mighty land of ours,
The country that he loved so dear,
Much has been done that goes to show
That he is well remembered here.
His name is used in many ways,
But I can see, of all the host,
12th Street, which now is Roosevelt Road,
Is that which tickles him the most.

We know that Teddy while on earth,
Was full of ginger, pep and vim,
Brisk, rough and ready was his way,
No other way appealed to him.
So Roosevelt Road should please him much,
For there the autos buzz and spin,
With chugging engines, whizzing wheels,
With honking horns, and noise and din.
This crowd is rough and ready sure,
For life nor limb, they never stop,
Unless perchance they're brought to grief,
By Broadview's motorcycle cop.

East, west, from morn 'til night they go,
A perfect stream of nifty cars,
They helter up and skelter down,
And do not stop for jolts nor jars.
And should they see a railroad track,
And hear the clanging of the bell,
They on it step, and give her gas,
And then scorch forward with a yell.
So friends, if you excitement seek,
Or you your troubles would unload,
Jump in an auto Sunday next,
And hit the trail on Roosevelt Road.

May 14, 1920.

OUR TARDY FRIEND

Uncertain of her time or place,
Belated Spring is here at last,
And we must aid her to forget
The cheerless and unhappy past.
For sixty days, with longing eyes
We sought to see her happy smile,
But Winter, ruthless cold and stern,
Has held her in his grasp the while.
But Springtime will be glad to know
That nothing has been left undone
To welcome her that she may have
Full thirty days of jolly fun.
A day or two of sunshine bright,
A night or two of soft warm showers,
Then every shrub, bush, tree and vine
Will bring forth leaves and fragrant flowers.
And if our friend will look about,
Out in the garden patch she'll find
The thrifty, wise Suburbanites
Have planted seeds of every kind.
The singing birds, and blooming flowers
Proclaim again that you are here,
And as the sun glows warm and bright,
Our hearts are filled with joy and cheer.
So now if you but take your place,
Your tardiness we'll soon forget,
Just dig right in and do your bit,
And we shall prove we love you yet.

May 21, 1920.

MEMORIAL DAY—MAY 30

With flowers bright remember they
Who for our country fought and fell,
And place the flag upon the graves
Of they who served their country well.
For Freedom they advanced her cause,
For Liberty they carved the way,
They helped the Union to preserve;
Remember them with flowers today.

With words of praise remember they
Who since the peace their victories won,
Have battled with earth's problems here,
Have solved them all and journey on.
Let children hear of wondrous deeds
Of those who rallied to the fray,
And sing of them with gladsome voice,
Remember them with praise today.

With grateful hearts remember they
Who still among us move and live.
The heroes of three wars that to
Our Nation place and honor give.
For they have been and seen and know
That hell in every war holds sway,
Then let our Nation's peace be theirs,
Be grateful to them all today.

In justice, then, remember all
The soldiers of our Nation proud,
And let the banners kiss the breeze,
That ne'er has seen defeat's dark cloud.
With fife and drum, with flowers and song,
With kindly words no mind would stay,
Exalt the living, praise the dead,
Remember all our boys today.

May 30, 1920.

HAROLD

Great guns, it jest seems t'other day
That tall, lean, long and lanky kid
Was wrigglin' on his mother's knees,
An' gettin' trounced for things he did.
It don't seem mor'n a year ago
That with his kilties he was through,
An' fought with every fightin' brat
At Garfield school, an' licked 'em too.
How round an' fat he used to be
When he was in his tender years,
An' now there ain't a pound of meat
From his big feet up to his ears.
They say "he ain't no whale at book:
At studyin' he ain't no shark,

But I ain't got a bit o' fear
But what that kid will make his mark.
I'm told he's clean-cut an' perlite,
He's like his mother, sure enough;
Sometimes he's sort o' devilish, too,
I don't see where he gets that stuff.
That kid has confidence in me,
An' I in him; so we jest tell
Each other everything we do—
That's how we get along so well.
He got on with his teachers fine
At Garfield, Emerson and High,
An' if you've watched him these twelve years
You know him most as well as I.
That lad has been a joy to me,
An' caused me many a laff, but still
I can't tell little jokes on him
Like Willie Field's dad tells on Will.
His little sister Bibbs oft tries
To tease him, as small sisters do.
She thinks her brother is some cheese—
Some other sisters think so, too.
He's jest eighteen, stands six-foot one,
By cracky, time does make some change,
An' I suppose in five years more
If I'm a granddad, 't won't be strange.
His ma an' me are sort o' glad,
For 't ain't no use Time's way beratin',
Our little Harold's most a man,
An' next week he'll be graduatin'.

June 4, 1920.

We welcome thee oh happy June,
With summer sun and roses bright,
With singing birds in every tree,
With dews that kiss the buds at night.
Ten thousand fields of waving grain,
The pastures green and meadows sweet,
The shady woods and flowing streams
Proclaim that Nature is complete.
And still to brighter paint the scene,
To bless and hallow all thy day.
The brides in love and happiness,
Give forth expressions of thy ways.

A cheerful sound is in the air,
A joyful echo greets the ear,
For children's merry voices tell,
Vacation time is drawing near.
The books will all be put aside,
The pencil, pen and paper lost,
For this is childhood's careless way,
And dad will have to stand the cost.
The happy days of long ago,
The days we spent with old schoolmates,
We live again when e'er we meet,
The pretty sweet girl graduates.

At 503 on Madison,
Pray have you seen the little shop,
That opened up a week ago,
And keeps its keeper on the hop.
Now if you wish to place an ad,
Or pay subscription for a year,
You'll find there's some one on the job,
To lend a helping hand and ear.
'Tis here we hope to live and grow,
'Tis here we ask you all to come,
And now, the secret I'll explode,
THE BOOSTER has a brand new home.

Again within our midst we find,
A tangled, nauseous, putrid mess,
And when we search, we find the cause
Is human greed and selfishness.
The so-called great men of our land,
Have played a crude, unwholesome game,
And through the people's delegates,
Have tried to buy their way to fame?
How helpless is our liberty
If these things we must tolerate,
May Justice in her might arise,
And wipe these creatures off the slate.
Oh, what a lesson for our youth,
That to secure this office high,
These men who know no God but gold,
Should strive to barter, steal or buy,
The awful war through which we passed,
It seems has taught these fellows naught,
One hundred thousand boys were slain,
And now we wonder, slain for what?
'Tis principle that here must rule,
For principle our country made,
Then let us speak as Johnson speaks,
It's time to call a spade, a spade.

The U. S. Court Supreme has ruled,
The days for selling booze are o'er,
The Prohibitionist now may rest,
The wets and drys need fight no more.
The buildings on the corners now
Will cease to harbor noise and din,
The blinds and curtains will be junked,
The sunlight now will shine within.
Now may our Nation breath a prayer
Of thanks upon this happy morn,
To Tom and Jerry say goodbye,
And farewell to John Barley Corn.

June 11, 1920.

SCRAMBLED EGGS

One great convention now has met,
One great convention has adjourned,
The Old Guard soon will seek to know,
How many to us can be turned.
We do not hear one hip-hurrah,
From those who make their little mark,
The dark horse has been brought to light
But goats still tarry in the dark.
Has Justice found a dwelling in
The platform of the G. O. P.?
What principles can we support?
Is now the thought for you and me.
Impartial, we should firmly stand,
Until the Dems in Frisco meet,
Then let us shake up all the chaff,
And try and find some grains of wheat.
Oh, weather man; oh, weather man,
You surely must be tired,
A long vacation you should have,
But never should be fired.
Full seven months you blew your icy
Breath across our land,
And now we stand in B. V. D.'s,
With palm leaf fans in hand.
If I to you could orders give,
While I sit here and bake,
I'd say "go take a fortnight off,
And jump into the lake."

The street cars are coming, ho, ho; ho, ho!
The street cars are coming close by,
But they may not arrive for a century yet,
So good people don't worry and cry.

When ladies tire of inside work,
And wish a healthful tramp,
They gently canter two miles north,
And buy a postage stamp.

The wild winds roared,
The lightning flashed,
The raindrops poured,
The thunder crashed,
The neighbors in pajamas soared,
As Weatherson's big tree was smashed.

June 18, 1920.

OUR SPUNKY DAY

July the Fourth we near again,
Come every one and celebrate,
Let neighbors one and all combine
And wipe dissension from our slate.
Come all who live within our town,
From east and west, from south and north,
For once turn Maywood upside down,
And help to make a joyous Fourth.

The time is short, but what care we,
If each will strive to do his part
To steer the wheel, and push the brakes,
And work with ready hand and heart.
If all unite as one great whole,
And no one drop behind or lag,
We'll hit on sixes all the way,
And bring new honor to our flag.

We like to hear our Nation's songs,
And see our starry banner wave,
We like once more to hear of those
Who fought our noble flag to save.
We like to join the games and sports,
And every one enjoys the fun
Of watching boys eat berry pies,
And fat three hundred pounders run.

We shall be glad to hear the band,
And view the pageant all serene,
And note Chief Sweeney's smile as he
Leads all in his new tin machine.
Invite your friends from out of town
To come and hear us shoot the bunk,
And celebrate as ne'er before
The day our fathers showed their spunk.

We hear Bill McAdoo has quit
As for the western coast they leave,
But keep your eye on Billy Bryan,
He may have something up his sleeve.

Health officers we long have had,
And now we're forced to have a nurse,
No doubt in five or ten years more
Our village dads will buy a hearse.

June 25, 1920.

HAS-BEENS

We read that the Republicans
Are grooming Lennie Small
To lead the state job holders
Unto victory next fall.
If you'll think back a score of years
With me you will agree,
He sure has been some pumpkins,
This man from Kankakee.
Perhaps it takes the has-beens
The voters to entrance,
If so, they're making no mistake
In giving Len a chance.

There's another I shall mention,
Let his banner be unfurled,
For he has made a record
And is known all o'er the world.
He is a sturdy fighter,
His courage never ends,
And we know that he has always been
A sticker for his friends.
So if they need the has-beens
To help to pull them through,
Come forth now, Billy Lorimer,
There must be room for you.

If you go down to Washington
And view the has-beens there,
You will find that Billy Mason,
And Dick Yates, each hold a chair.
Though Sherman never did a thing
To overtax his brain,
He has been a disappointment,
So they sent him back again.
At every county office door,
If you but turn the knob,
You will see a gray old has-been
Still holding down a job.

If our nation needs the has-beens,
Then why not turn to me,
For I began to shake things up
Way back in ninety-three.
With neighbor Harry Barker
I mixed in politics,
And we organized McKinley clubs
In eighteen ninety-six.
I put up money for the band
And helped to win the fight,
The old boys all will tell you
That I am a has-been right.

At county and at state affairs
I often made my mark,
For ten years straight I signed my name—
Postmaster, Melrose Park.
But in disgust I quit the game
One happy day in May,
For the whole darn bunch seemed crooked,
From Z clear up to A.
Our ship of state no longer sails
Along the proper track,
So if they need more has-beens,
By heck, I may turn back.

July 20, 1920.

TWO OLD FAVORITES

[Banks Winter and His Song]

Within my little store I stood
Last Sunday afternoon,
A day dream occupied my thoughts,
I hummed an old love tune.
A stranger sauntered slowly in
To make a purchase small,
And noticed that I did not see
The coin that he let fall.
He did not utter sympathy
And make me ill at ease,
But spoke in cheerful, pleasant way
Of things that always please.

He stood and talked to me at length,
For he had traveled much.
He said, "How clever one can get
By cultivating touch."

And when he saw my work, he said,
"I, too, have written things.
I wrote a song long years ago,
Perhaps you know, 'White Wings,' "
And as I pressed Banks Winter's hand
His eyes grew moist and dim.
I sang as thirty years ago
His dear old song to him:

"White wings, they never grow weary,
They carry me cheerily over the sea,
Night comes, I long for my deary,
I spread out my white wings
And sail home to thee."

Oh, what a joy, long years ago,
To sing this song so sweet,
And what a privilege it is
The writer now to meet.
So for an hour we chatted on
Of song and other rhyme.
The more we talked, the more he seemed
A friend of olden time.
But soon the songster said farewell
And merrily went his way,
But song and writer in my heart
Shall live for 'er and aye.

I know not if this man be rich
Or if this man be poor;
I do not know what unseen power
Turned him toward my store,
From whence he came nor where he went,
His sunshine to impart,
I know not, but this I do know—

He has a noble heart.
And I shall all expectant wait
Until he comes again,
Then I shall grasp his hand once more
And sing his old refrain:

"White wings, they never grow weary,
They carry me cheerily over the sea,
Night comes, I long for my deary,
I spread out my white wings
And sail home to thee."

July 9, 1920.

JACK'S AILMENT

Little Jack awoke one morning
And began to wheeze.
He appeared in great distress,
Could not cough nor sneeze.
Mother soon began to worry
'Bout poor little Jack,
Dad had started for the city
And would not be back.

Mother, anxious and impatient,
Called up Dr. Dub.
He by many was considered
Greatest in the hub.
Doctor, in his high power auto,
Answered very quick.
Gravely he announced to mother,
Jack is very sick.

What, oh what, can be the matter,
Mother quickly cried.
He has Nostrilitis-titus,
Doctor Dub replied.

Mother called Dad at his office.
You must hurry—come—
Jack has Nostrilitis-titus,
Hurry, hurry home.

Then she wisely called up grandma,
Just a block away,
She knew all about her darling,
Saw him every day.
Quickly she was at his bedside,
Saw what ailed the child;
She at once procured a feather,
Looked about and smiled.

Once, twice, thrice did grandma tickle
Jack's small, tender nose.
Once, twice, thrice Jack sneezed and spluttered
On the snow white clothes.
Ma and the doctor both looked askance
At the soiled bed,
But Jack's Nostrilitis-titus
Had forever fled.

Dr. Dub went to his office,
Grandma went her way,
Dad arrived and stood there laughing,
Jack went out to play.
Mothers who have wheezing children,
If you can't be sure,
Call it Nostrilitis-titus,
Then try grandma's cure.

July 16, 1920.

MUSIC

There is music sweet at the early hour,
As the day breaks far in the eastern sky,
When the birds awake from a night of rest
And carol forth in the tree tops high.
There is music sweet in the growing light,
In the gentle rays of the glowing sun,
There is music soft at the twilight hour,
There is music rare till the day is done.

There is music heard from the rippling brook,
As it echoes down the shady lane,
There is music felt in the gentle breeze
As it sings its song through the waving grain,
In the soft, green grass as it creeps and runs,
In the budding flowers as they sip the dew.
In the swaying trees and the swinging vines
There is music found all the glad day through.

There is music sweet from the chimes that ring
From the belfry towers on a Sabbath morn,
And the onward march seems clear and bright,
For they tell again of a Savior born.
As the organ peals and the voices sing
There is music sweet in the joyous strains.
There is music sweet in the thought that turns
To a prayer of thanks for the Life that reigns.

There is music seen in the clear, bright eyes,
There is music heard in the tender voice,
There is music felt in the gentle touch,
And the world shall hear and shall yet rejoice.
The light, the shade, the glance, the touch,
The earth beneath, and the sky above,
But the sweetest music we e'er shall know,
Is the chords that spring from a heart of love.

July 23, 1920.

"Our Home"

OUR HOME

We own our home; the house is small,
But joy and comfort gives to all.
And when each day to work I go,
My wife and children well I know
Are sheltered from the winds that blow,
The rains that fall, the drifting snow.
And when the evening shadows come
I feel rejoiced, we own our home.

We own our home, it's trim and neat,
The rooms are cheerful, wholesome, sweet.
It firmly stands upon the ground,
The walls are strong, the roof is sound.
The floors in polish bright abound,
The fireplace throws its warmth around.
And though at times afar we roam,
This thought still cheers, we own our home.

We own our home, the shrubs, the trees
Wave all unfettered in the breeze.
The house, the barn, the walks, the land
Without a hungry mortgage stand.
Bees, birds and butterflies so grand
Are there a free, harmonious band.
And mirth and music echoes from
The rooms within, we own our home.

We own our home, and do not fear
A landlord who would profiteer.
And though the sun shines clear and bright,
Or though the winds blow cold at night,
A homeless thought cannot affright
Where fires glow warm and hearts glow light,
It matters not then what may come,
This thought still clings, we own our home.

July 30, 1920.

MID-SUMMER

Mid-summer season is with us again,
Sweet is the pleasure and joy that it yields,
Grasses are ready, and ripened the grain,
Busy the gleaners in meadows and fields.
Seeds that broke forth with the warm April showers,
Blossoms that opened with sunshine of May,
Grown and developed by Nature's own plan,
Ripen to fullness on mid-summer's day.

Out in the woods where the oak and the elm,
Cast their broad mantel of shade o'er the green,
Breathing the atmosphere fresh, pure and sweet,
Thousands of city folk daily are seen,
Out where the clear waters break o'er the shores,
Braving the whitecaps, and kissing the spray,
Delving in health-giving frolic and fun,
Millions now welcome the mid-summer day.

Song birds that cheered us when March winds blew cold,
Sing to us still, from the treetops on high,
Happy are they as they still labor on,
Teaching their young for the flight by and by.
Flowers that opened their petals so bright,
Loaning their fragrance to children at play,
Wither and droop as their mission is done,
Turn now to seed on the mid-summer's day.

Useful should be then the lesson we learn,
Learn from the seeds that are sown in the ground.
Learn from the woodlands, the meadows and fields,
Learn from the flowers and birds all around,
That we shall sow in the springtime of life,
Deeds of good will while the sowing day wends.
Then we shall reap in the mid-summer day,
Golden ripe fruit ere the harvest time ends.

August 6, 1920.

THE FIRE-FIEND

Unasked, unwelcomed he appears,
In all his eager frenzied ways,
And like a vampire bold and wild,
He with his helpless victim plays.
He creeps, he crawls, he runs and leaps
While all the earth in silence sleeps.

In stealthiness he wends his way
From cellar deep to lofty tower,
The arduous work of fifty years,
He chars and ruins within the hour,
The fiercest flames that bound and fly,
His passion cannot satisfy.

Unloved, unbidden still he vamps,
And high above the noise and din,
His black breath rolls to hide from Heaven,
The hellish work he plies within.
He challenges sea, earth, and skies,
To quench his thirst before he dies.

He makes no choice, he visits all,
The strong, the weak, the blind, the lame,
And 'round the poor and helpless sick,
He wraps his withering sheets of flame,
And in his wild and rampant flight,
He smothers all at dead of night.

Unthoughtful, heedless in his glee,
He softly chants, he wildly roars,
Unmindful of the grief he brings,
He gayly laughs and proudly soars,
Each day he brings a thousand woes,
And unhonored on he goes.

August 13, 1920.

THE GIFT HOUNDS

Dick Sherman's friends gave him a dog,
'Bout thirty miles from home,
And how to bring that Airedale in
Did bother Sherman some.
Said I to Sherm, don't worry now,
It ain't no use to chirp,
We'll gather up a little bunch,
And go and get the purp.
So I said to my kid that night,
Say Harold, get the car,
We'll go with Sherm and get his hound,
It ain't so very far.
So Harold, Sherman and myself,
With Martin Bruhn and dad,
All jumped into the supersix—
A jolly bunch we had.
Said Harold, as we sped along,
I think I'll travel slow,
We did not bring an extra tire,
And one of these might blow.
Of course, I felt a little peeved,
But still I didn't care,
For it was Harold's first time out
Without a ready spare.
On, on we went for twenty miles,
And there picked up Jack Lehy,
He knew right where the Airedale lived,
And went to show the way.
We neared the South Shore Country Club,
Where hearts with pleasure thrill,
When bang! there was a mighty roar,
Then all was calm and still.
Were battleships out on the lake?
Had Reds here opened fire?
Had Saturn fallen from the sky?
No, 'twas a bloomin' tire.
And there we were flat on the rim,
And I without a buck,

While Harold with some adjectives,
Remarked, that's just our luck.
So when we ran the car aside,
And each one made his spiel,
The fellows started out to find
Another rubber wheel.
In twenty minutes they were back,
They found one, yes, brand new,
I asked of Harold "what's the price?"
He said, "enough for two."
And when I got from them the truth,
As sure as you're alive,
Poor Sherm had whacked up fifty plunks,
And Bruhn coughed twenty-five.
We soon were on our way again,
And joy was in our cups,
In half an hour Jack cried, halt!
Here dwell all kinds of pups.
And when they brought the pooches forth,
Friend Sherm was in high glee,
And Jack a small Fox Terrier led,
And tied the thing to me.
The ride back home we all enjoyed,
As o'er the road we humped,
The kid pressed down his number ten,
And that old super jumped.
These dogs both seemed so mighty pleased,
They scarce knew what to do,
They soon found out, mine stayed three days—
Sherm's beat it out in two.
Call them pups any name you wish,
They look to me the same,
I think that they were homing curs,
And trained to play the game.
So Sherm and I are dogless still,
We're glad that we're alive,
Harold has that handsome rubber tube,
That cost me seventy-five.
But Jack and Martin had a laugh,

Dad Bruhn had something wet,
But it was labeled two per cent,
'Twas all that we could get.
No doubt those dogs are home again,
And mingling with their friends,
My little girl has dried her tears,
And here my story ends.
But this advice pray take from me,
If you a dog desire,
Go out and buy a high-grade pup,
It's cheaper than a tire;
Or should friends wish on you a cur,
When they are in a pinch,
Just bid them bring the brute to you,
And do not budge an inch.

August 30, 1920.

THE REAL ONES

Do you see that group of youngsters
Over yonder 'neath the trees,
Some are lounging on their elbows,
Some are hunched upon their knees,
But the one there in the center
Is the one they all adore,
And he holds the whole attention,
Of a dozen kids or more.
He tells each wondrous story
With a gesture, nod and shake,
He's the lucky kid who spent
The summer season at the lake.

Do you see the haughty gentleman,
Parading down the street,
He glances with impunity
At all who with him meet.
No, he is not a potentate,
A Kaiser, King nor Czar,
He dwells not in a mansion,
He does not own a car.
You ask then what the reason,
Of this high and lofty soul?
He is the proud possessor
Of a ton of mine-run coal.

Do you see the shabby citizen,
Who goes from door to door,
He is footsore, he is ragged,
He is hungry, he is poor,
And though a cup of coffee
Gives to him new life and vim,
The sawbuck, nor lawn mower,
Does not appeal to him.
And he'll tell you mighty quickly,
If his pleadings you reject,
That the world owes him a living,
And he's trying to collect.

But the realest of the real ones,
We meet most every day,
Is the one who at eleven bells
Is starting on his way.
His nights are long and restless,
For he figures, plans and schemes,
To get his money easy,
While the worker sleeps and dreams.
His desk he opens up at twelve,
And closes it at one,
He's the real guy who can tell you,
How the country should be run.

August 27, 1920.

VACATION ENDS

Well, children, here you are again,
Just three days from the schoolroom door,
Vacation time is at an end,
And summer time is almost o'er.
Although the summer days are long,
Vacation days seem all too short,
For those who love the outdoor air,
And join each healthful summer sport.
But school days also have their joys,
And when vacation days are through,
The school bell wakened from its rest,
Rings forth a welcome all for you.

The woods and fields will silent grow,
The vacant lots be sad and blue,
The river running calm and still,
Will see no more the small canoe.
The clatter of a hundred tongues,
Around the swimming pools will cease,
While bullheads, speckled trout and bass,
From baited hooks will rest in peace.
But still there's happiness for you,
Though summer joys are on the wane,
Your schoolbooks and the schoolroom, too,
Will smile to see you back again.

The summer flowers will fade and droop,
The songbirds sing their sad farewells,
And verdure brown and rusty grow,
All through the woodlands, hills and dells.
But useful knowledge learned at school,
Will never rust or fly away,
And as it multiplies and grows,
Will glow more bright from day to day,
Then off to school with happy heart
And make the old brick schoolhouse hum,
Your parents glad to have you go,
Your teachers pleased to see you come.

September 3, 1920.

THE OPPOSITES

I do not care for Harding,
Or the things he has to say;
In fact, it's my opinion,
He is no good anyway.
When he was in the senate
He did not even try
To lower the price of sugar
Or keep the bonds up high.
He did not get the railroad men
To hustle up the coal,
Nor take the lumber, wool and hides
From profiteers' control.
He says, "stop mob mentality,"
But I will answer, "DON'T."
It is time our minds are working,
For the politicians won't.
The head of this great nation
Is a democrat we know,
But the tail made up of Hardings
Has made our progress slow.
I'm sure he's Wall Street's candidate,
And we'll be Wall Street's goats;
So let us think it over well
Before we cast our votes.

BUT

Down in old Ohio
There's a lady fair and bright,
Who through our restless nation
Sends forth a ray of light.
I speak of Mrs. Harding,
Who with unselfish mind,
Sends out a useful message
That will serve to help mankind.
This lady's breakfast waffles

Are wholesome, pure and sweet;
From use I recommend them
And I here give her receipt.
I have eaten many flapjacks
And all kinds of griddle cakes,
But never did they equal those
That Mrs. Harding makes.
So just stir up a batter once
And give her cakes a trial,
And you'll start out in the morning
With a gay and peaceful smile.
To help the Wall Street youngsters,
One inch I will not stir,
But if Mrs. Harding ever runs,
By Jinks, I'll vote for her.

Two eggs, two tablespoons sugar, two heaping tablespoons butter, one pint of milk, one pint flour, two heaping teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt. Beat yolks of eggs, add sugar, milk and flour; next add melted butter. Just before ready to bake add baking powder and beaten whites of eggs. Cook in hot waffle irons. Eat on empty stomach. Use plenty of butter and maple syrup.

September 10, 1920.

OUR COMMUNITY TOOTERS

We all like music I am sure,
No matter how, nor when nor where;
Resuscitated we all feel,
When there is music in the air.
The strains invigorate the heart,
Rejuvenate the mind a bit,
Regenerate the weary soul,
When Jazz or Ragtime gets to it.

No wonder then, if music, too,
The heart and mind and soul appeals;
The body of the youth responds
By kicking up its toes and heels.
It lends a golden hue to life,
For old and young, for rich and poor;
Then what a favored bunch we are,
To have sweet music at our door.

The South End Band that organized
But just a few short weeks ago,
Are ready, so their program reads,
To give us their first music show;
And they invite us one and all,
To cease our toils and join with them
Upon the Garfield Schoolhouse grounds
This Saturday at 8 P. M.

Then come on, all good Maywood folks,
Let mirth and happiness abound;
There's space for autos on the streets
And room for seats upon the ground.
These men are worthy our support,
So let us rally as we should;
Applaud, encourage and encore
The tooters of our neighborhood.

September 17, 1920.

THE QUESTION

Have they brought you your coal
That you ordered last spring,
When we heard the first robin
And meadow lark sing,
When the green grass came creeping
O'er parkway and lawn,
When you worked in the garden

At twilight and dawn,
When grizzly old Winter
Had lost his control,
Just whisper to me—
Have they brought you your coal?

Have they brought you your coal
That you ordered in June,
When the brooklet was humming
A soft, mellow tune,
When the roses were blooming
And sun shining bright,
When the bullfrog was chirping
His song through the night,
When the boys went from school
To the old swimming hole,
Will you tell me, my friend,
Have they brought you your coal?

Have they brought you your coal
That in burning July,
You expected to get
E're the summer passed by,
When during vacation
You cleaned out your bin,
And asked them again,
Will you put the coal in?
Does your order still lie
In a desk pigeonhole,
Or tell me, good sir,
Have they brought you your coal?

Have they brought you your coal,
Is your cellar still bare,
Do you dream of the winter
And have a nightmare?
Are you riding on smoothly
Or hitting the bumps,

Are the miners still holding
Your black carbon lumps?
Is your mind now at rest,
Is there peace in your soul,
Is there joy in your heart,
Have they brought you your coal?

September 24, 1920.

JUMBLES

The days are flying swiftly by,
The autumn time is here again;
And soon we'll shiver in the breeze
And shimmy in the chilly rain.
The frosty nights will soon be here,
And signs of winter will appear.

The fishermen have gathered home,
They've finished with the bass and trout;
The song birds sing a sad farewell
As to the South they beat it out.
The corn is ripe, and at its side,
The pumpkin lies with yellow hide.

So we must gather in a store
Of all good things that we shall need;
Then when the furnace fires glow,
It will be very nice indeed.
And ere we catch a cold and sneeze,
Let's hustle off our B. V. D's.

Oh, what an awful mess they're in,
The famous tossers of the ball;
And what a bunch of boobs we are
That we should ever bet at all.
The safest wager you can get,
Is to bet it isn't safe to bet.

Upon the roof I heard a sound
As if of falling hail,
And to the window I did bound
With cheeks of ashen pale.
And over every house in town,
I saw the prices falling down.

We hear that Wilson's going to quit
If Harding should elected be,
So throw this proper-gander out
And let it soar from sea to sea.
Just one word will I say to you,
That one word is, "He now is through."

October 1, 1920.

OZION MANNING

If I should in the world beyond,
Seek a congenial fellow,
I hope I do not lose my nerve
And show a streak of yellow,
And hook up with some saintly chap,
And there with looks deceiving
Sing praises that I do not feel,
And pray all unbelieving.
'Twill better be for me to stroll
About the city golden,
And find someone whom I have known
And chummed with in days olden;

And I don't think I'll be rebuked
If I should be caught planning,
A little joke on old St. Pete,
With jolly Ozi Manning.

If I should in the world beyond,
Grow tired of ball and tennis,
And start out fishing all alone,
My name would soon be Dennis.
Or should I try to row a boat
Across the Jordan river,
I'd soon be floundering in the tide—
The thought now makes me shiver.
'Twill better be to find one who
Can row a boat serenely,
Can bait a hook, and cast a line,
And feel a nibble keenly;
Can bag a rabbit, squirrel, or coon,
While through the woodland scanning,
I want to row and fish and hunt
With skillful Ozi Manning.

This old Wisconsin lumber-jack
Of whom I now am singing,
Lives in his log house at Fern Dell,
His ax, he still is swinging.
He's honest as the shining sun,
He's cheerful, quiet, clever;
He loves the fields, the hills, the dells,
The woods, the lakes, the river.
And should they in the world beyond,
Unholy guys start canning,
I hope my passports read the same
As those they hand to Manning.

October 8, 1920.

THE DEPARTED ZUGGY

We're sorry to have lost the man
Who planned the Maywood *Booster* scheme,
Whose heart and mind was in his work,
Success, his only thought and dream.
He started out three years ago,
Conditions looking weak and bad;
Determination and good will
Was really all the stock he had.
The *Booster* sheet was very small,
The advertisers were but few;
But soon a larger sheet appeared,
The ads in size and number grew.
And Zuggy never seemed to rest,
He had no time to eat or sleep;
For every hour he had to spare,
Upon the *Booster* job he'd keep.
Five hundred youngsters in our town,
Of Zuggy's *Booster* now have heard;
Five hundred kids have won a prize
By seeking out the misspelled word.
The merchants know this busy man,
And he is known from door to door;
And he dug up a poet rare,
Who never had been known before.
At early dawn or late at night,
With cheerful smiles he worked the game;
His every purpose was to boost,
And that is why he used the name.
And so a word of praise we speak,
Of him who toiled with hand and brain;
Three thousand homes bear witness that
These hours of toil were not in vain.
For this one truth I must express
Before my little story ends,
Frank Zuggy with this *Booster* scheme
Has gained, and holds, a host of friends.

October 15, 1920.

THE CHANGED CAMPAIGN

We used to shout upon the streets,
Hurrah for this, hurrah for that,
And give expression of our views
With campaign badges, cane and hat.
We used to join the marching clubs
And strut about in colors grand,
And dig 'way down into our jeans
To dig up coin to pay the band.
We used to warble campaign songs,
And listen to the speakers tell
Of our good Party's wondrous ways—
The Party that we loved so well.
All this and more we used to do
In roaring campaigning days of old,
Then get up on election morn
And go and vote as we were told.

But now a pleasant change has come;
We do not march upon the street,
We do not stand out in the road
And argue with the friends we meet.
We do not buy a campaign hat,
For we have little coin to spare;
We're satisfied if we can buy
The kind of hat we need to wear.
And when we find a whole week's pay
Will only five days' needs supply,
We cannot help but think and feel
Our spellbinders told a lie.
So now we reason for ourselves,
And talk the matter o'er with ease;
Hear what the politicians say—
Then go and vote just as we please.

October 25, 1920.

THE FRENZIED EVE

Now brace up your nerves
And prepare for the strain—
The ghosts and the goblins
Are coming again.
There'll be chalk on your doorstep,
And soap on the pane,
And clatter and racket
To drive you insane.
Not a thing will be safe
That is lying 'round loose—
The youngsters insist
Upon raising the deuce.
There's no need to worry
Or start your abuse;
Some joker began it,
So what is the use?
Jack lanterns may flash
On the street by the score;
You may miss your side gate—
It has happened before.
You may find an old horse
Fastened tight to your door,
But it's no use to battle
Or even get sore.
That tick-tacking clatter
Is only a pin;
Those beans at the window
Are really no sin.
But if you don't relish
This racket and din,
Throw open your doors
And invite the kids in.
Your apples and nuts
Will be eaten with thanks,
By the Marys, the Minnies,
The Johnnies and Hanks,
The Claras, the Sarahs,
The Willies and Franks—
For they all will be out
With their Hallow'een pranks.

October 29, 1920.

OUR GRIDIRON GUESTS

Come, Maywood, rally to the cause,
And win our Eastern friends' applause.
With hearts that glow with joy and pride,
Fling out the starry banners wide.
From Massachusetts' classic hub
Will come her famous football club.
They must be shown, that days of yore,
With Indian wigwams are no more;
That wild cats and cannibals
No longer in our forests dwell;
That rattle snakes down in the brake
Have all been chased into the lake;
That native Indians from here
Have vanished with the elk and deer.
A forward pass give every mit
And grasp an Eastern hand in it.
And welcome to a gorgeous spread
The dashing boys from Marble Head.

Yes, honor them, and let them know
We are their friends and not their foe;
And though our guests are worthy, yet
Our own boys we must not forget,
And in the spirit of the game
We must protect Proviso's name.
Be there with trumpets, cries and cheers,
But leave at home the hoots and jeers;
Cheer every tackle, kick or punt,
Applaud every touchdown, jolt or stunt.
Cheer Marble Head, and let them see
What sportlike Indians are we;
But win the game, and hold fast here,
The pennant that they won last year.
And when we all have done our part
To win the game, and win each heart,
May not an unkind word be said
Of old Provi or Marble Head.

November 5, 1920.

We thank you, Mr. Winter,
That you still remain away;
Your absence is so welcome
We hope that it will stay.
We do not mind a little frost
That frequently is seen,
For the leaves upon the lilacs still
Are looking fresh and green.
We do not mind a little breeze,
Nor yet the heavy rains;
They may help out more than taxes
To flush the old Des Plaines.
The huskers all are happy
As they strip the golden ears,
And the turkeys all grow fatter
As each sunny day appears.
We need but little fuel,
In mansion, house or shack;
And we're laughing at mine owners
Who still hold the orders back.
We know not, Mr. Winter,
If you're north, east, west or where,
But our hearts will grow still fonder
If you'll only linger there.

The old man went to the polling place,
As he had come before,
Fall after Fall on election day,
For years, at least two score.
They placed a ballot in his hand,
It was enormous size;
A thousand names he did not know
Were there before his eyes.
He stepped inside the voting booth
And on the ballot gazed,
He studied it, but grew still more

Astonished and amazed.
He looked it o'er from left to right,
Still puzzled and perplexed.
He viewed it up and down again,
Each moment growing vexed.
He thought of years long, long ago,
When days had happier been,
When some one held an old slouch hat
To drop the ballots in.
His pencil to the circle went,
I'm sorry to relate,
He murmured low: "All I can do,
By hec, is vote her straight."

November 12, 1920.

THANKSGIVING

Our work and toil again we cease,
One day to feast and celebrate,
And turn in thankfulness to One
Which all our blessings did create.
And though an earnest prayer is given
For good that comes to all mankind,
How little we appreciate
The greatness of creative Mind.

Is there one thing upon this earth,
One thing from Whom all blessings flow,
But what was here for mankind's use
One hundred thousand years ago?
Is there one thing that God has done,
On which man's wisdom can improve?
Not one, for God is perfect Mind,
Is perfect life, is perfect Love.

Sun, moon and stars, the azure sky,
The earth and sea, the light and shade;
The wind, the rain, the drifting snow,
For man's own use have all been made.

The fowls, the fishes and the beasts,
And every flower, fruit and tree,
All vegetation's mighty store
Are Nature's gifts to us, all free.

The treasures in the mountains hid
Are all a part of one great plan,
The desert sands shall yet be used
To satisfy and comfort man.
And greatest of all Mind's great theme,
Man is now spotless, good and pure;
Made in the likeness of his God,
He liveth on forevermore.

Why should we not, then, on this day,
With prayers of thanks, and songs of praise,
Enjoy the feast that to us comes
By Nature's bounteous, happy ways.
The sun at times may seem less bright,
Our hearts grow tired and sorely pressed;
Still all may share Thanksgiving Day—
Man is now, and forever blessed.

November 19, 1920.

VOLPLANING DAYS

As I sit here meditating,
My poor heart and brain pulsating
Over prices now abating,
That have long been soaring high;
All my nerves are in a flutter,
And my voice betrays a stutter,
And my pale lips feebly mutter—
A swift glide to earth is nigh.

Justice now is reappearing
And the normal time is nearing,
Days of reckless profiteering
Soon will be swallowed up;
And the greedy, grasping master
To his doom goes fast and faster,
He will meet with dire disaster
And must drain its bitter cup.

In a land of milk and honey
It is strange and very funny,
Nothing could be bought for money
That the profiteers could store;
Justice never will defend them,
Nature's laws will not attend them,
Bankruptcy is sure to end them—
We shall meet with them no more.

Johnnie's chest so tight and wheezy
Can be made a bit more easy,
And our pie crust be more greasy
With a bit of lard again;
And it comes to my old thinker
Farewell soot, and slate and clinker,
We shall have a home made sinker,
Free from rude dyspeptic pain.

Manufacturers and contractors,
Tradesmen, farmers, bankers, actors,
Poets, songsters, will be factors
Bringing back the happy time;
And the landlord with the renter
Yet may smoke a good five center,
And into a new lease enter
For that last one was a crime.

Let us then be joyful, cheerful,
Never fretful, never fearful,
Never sorrowful nor tearful
As the brighter days appear;
And as I wind up this ditty
I am thinking 'tis a pity,
That a great and cosmos city
Does not know that I am here.

December 3, 1920.

THE WIND UP

December once again is here,
And what a busy month it is;
For everyone must dig right in
And for three weeks get down to bis.
Some hustling hours we must see,
A thousand things must yet be done,
To wind up 1920's books
And clear the slate for '21.
The farmer now his crops must sell,
And reap and gather every cent,
To make the low price that he gets
Pay for his high priced help and rent.
The coal man all begrimed with soot,
Is working overtime each day
To try and fill as best he can,
The orders that he took last May.
And merchants loaded up with stocks,
Will with the public make a hit,
By marking down their high priced goods
And bump the Income Tax a bit.
And everywhere our women folks
Are bright and early on the hop,
For Christmas time is drawing near—
There's just a few days more to shop.
And every youngster in the schools

Is working with a spirit gay,
To bring a good report card home
Before the Christmas holiday.
And so December rolls along
With each one busy at his call,
And we who daily shoot the bunk,
I find are busiest of all.

December 3, 1920.

OLD TIME FRIENDS

Dedicated to
MR. and MRS. GUY E. NEWARK
Columbus, Ohio.

When we hear again from our old time friends
That we knew so well in the long ago,
When the days were young and the mind was free,
When the eye was clear and the cheek a-glow,
When the earth seemed filled with an endless joy;
And with grief and trials we had no part,
When the face was wreathed in the smiles of youth,
And laughter flowed from a cheerful heart,
These are the pictures so bright and fair—
That each leaf in the book of memory lends,
And in fancy we view them, one by one,
When we hear again from our old time friends.

When we meet again with our old time friends,
Who for many years have been far away;
We find their step is less sprightly now—
That the eye is dim and the hair turned gray—
But the voice is mellow and low and soft,
And the heart is warm, and the mind is clear,
And we see as we dwell on the old, old days
They're the same old friends and to us more dear.
Then we sit with them at the twilight hour

And still talk on as the midnight wends,
And there's many a joke recalled once more
When we meet again with our old time friends.

There is many a flower in the path of life
That blooms to cheer us along the way,
And there's many a gleam from the golden sun
That breaks through the rifting clouds each day.
There is many a bird in the tree and vine
That warbles forth with its gleeful song;
And the winding stream through the leafy woods
Cheers our life bark on as we speed along.
But that which is sweetest and best to me
Is the thought, that when here our existence ends,
And our work is finished, our book is closed,
We shall ever be with our old time friends.

December 10, 1920.

OLD IRELAND'S GRIEF

I'm sorry for old Ireland,
Where the three leaf shamrock grows;
No more does Erin's wreath entwine
The Thistle and the Rose.
The Irish fight among themselves,
At England they are roiled;
With God, nor man, nor Satan,
They are not reconciled

I'm sorry for old Ireland,
For in the days of yore,
I sang The Wearing of the Green,
And The Hat Me Father Wore.
I loved to hear the Irish wit,
And watch the Irish jig;
And wondered how the parlor smelled
Where Paddie kept his pig.

I'm sorry for old Ireland,
But let me say to you—
Our North and South had troubles,
And we scrapped with England, too;
But others kept their fingers off,
And I am pleased to tell,
The Blues and Grays just fought it out,
And now we're doing well.

I'm sorry for old Ireland,
But this is not our fight,
And we are not supposed to know
Just who, nor what is right.
If I voice my opinion,
I'll say it's safe to bet,
If they but drop religion
They will get together yet.

I'm sorry for old Ireland,
As sorry as can be,
But Nature grows the golden orange
Upon a green leaf tree;
Then why not blend these colors
Upon one banner bright,
Send England's Union Jack back home,
And end the bloomin' fight.

I'm sorry for old Ireland,
But as history I recall,
I find great Irishmen have been
A credit to them all;
So why not kiss the Blarney stone
And light the pipes of clay,
And o'er the old green sod proclaim
A Union holiday.

December 17, 1920.

RING CHRISTMAS BELLS

Ring out today, glad Christmas bells,
Ring loud and clear thy merry sound,
And let thy tuneful, silver tongues
With mirth and happiness resound.
Ring out the story old but true,
Of He who in the manger lay;
Ring forth the message once again,
Of He who came to show the way.
Ring out the tidings full and free
Upon the blessed Christmas morn,
That all the hosts may pause and hear—
Jesus The Christ this day was born.
Ring, Christmas bells.

Ring out today, bright Christmas bells,
And cheer the age-ed and the poor;
And may thy loud harmonious strains
Call peace and plenty to their door.
Lighten the toilsome, crushing load
Of those bowed down with want and care;
Soften the hearts of selfishness,
That they may learn their rightful share.
Ring out in accents sharp and bold,
Let this great Truth be clear and plain:
War, strife and greed must disappear,
Love, peace and plenty here must reign.
Ring, Christmas bells.

Ring out today, gay Christmas bells,
And let thy playful strains prolong;
May all the children of our land
Sing forth in gleeful, happy song.
Ring of the joy that fills each heart,
Ring of the sweet and smiling face;
Ring of the child's unfettered mind,

Where hate and envy find no place.
Ring of the pleasure in each home,
As 'round the Christmas tree they play,
Or sing a carol pure and sweet
To welcome in this Christmas Day.
Ring, Christmas bells.

Ring out, ring out, oh Christmas bells,
Ring over every sea and shore;
And spread the fullness of His love,
That all may yet His name adore.
Ring far and wide, ring loud and long,
Ring soft and low, ring sharp and clear;
And rouse us from our slothfulness,
To view the blessings that are here.
Ring through the golden morning hours
That Life and Love and God are One,
And let this truth reach all mankind
Before this Christmas Day is done.
Ring, Christmas bells.

December 24, 1920.

OLD AND NEW

There isn't much time now
To think or to write,
For the old year will bid us
A farewell tonight.
He has finished his business,
He's going to decamp;
I'm a little bit peeved,
For I liked the old scamp.
He dropped in to see us
A short year ago,
His fingers were frosted,
His cheeks a bright glow.
But he thawed out and warmed

As he went to his task,
And I think that the record
He made ought to last.
For six or eight months
He made everything hum,
Then he got too much moonshine
And went on the bum.
But I think we shall find out,
Before we get through,
He is blamed for a lot
Of things he didn't do.
And I think we shall see
When his history is wrote,
That someone has made
1920 the goat.
And though times may look cloudy,
Ere long we shall see,
He was all right with you,
He was all right with me.
So when we have heard
The twelfth stroke of the bell,
Let us wish him God's speed
As we bid him farewell.

Hello, you frightened little brat,
At all our racket have no fear;
It's just a crazy way we have
Of making glad that you are here.
Your name is 1921,
And I to you this message bring:
We're ready now to try you once,
Just as we try most anything.
You're going to see some lively times
The short time that you have to stay,
So you had better make your bow,
And get to humping right away.

This poor old world is upside down,
And while I know you're not to blame,
You nosed right in without request,
So you will have to join the game.
There's countless kinks to straighten out,
It matters not which way you turn;
But I've not time to tell you more—
My dear New Year, just live and learn.

December 31, 1920.

YOUR HELP

Let your mind think what is just, young man,
What is noble, and good and pure;
For thought is the power that must control
When temptation looks in at your door.
Let your thoughts follow the brighter path,
And rest on the hills of peace;
And dwell in realities, not in shams,
And your troubles and trials will cease.
Think what is just today.

Let your tongue speak what is true, young man,
Words gentle, and soft and kind;
It is thought that expresses itself in words,
That leave pleasure or grief behind.
Tongue and lips but express the thought
That cannot be seen nor heard;
Guard well the thoughts as they pass along,
Reflected in sight and word.
Speak what is true today.

Let your hands do what is right, young man,
Though the labor be heavy and hard;
And to hew to the line along duty's path,
You must ever be on your guard.
But the hands will not lift to the lips strong drink,

Nor pilfer, nor strike a blow;
They will do as they're bid unresistingly,
And will reap of the thoughts you sow.
Let your hands do the right today.

Think, speak and do, then, today, young man,
For today will return no more;
And your help and your guiding star shall be
Just thoughts that are good and pure.
Gather these thoughts then, each morn, young man,
And make them your daily food;
And ere the night falls thou shalt realize
That you dwell in eternal good.
Know thy true self today.

January 7, 1921.

HOPES OF 1921

Come friends, cheer up, you win again,
It matters not what vote you cast;
The future so much brighter looks
Than ever did the golden past.
'Tis grains of sand that make the shores,
'Tis drops of rain that make the flowers;
'Tis acorns make the giant oaks,
'Tis little buds that make the flowers.
The day that brings the smallest thing,
Despise not, we are often told;
So from what seemed a hopeless gloom,
A ray of light I now behold.
If our new governor will keep
The promises he made last fall,
There is no limit to great things
That we may now expect from Smal.

In glaring lines again we read
That street car fares must downward come,
But street cars tell William Hale
That this would put them on the bum.
And while we read the pros and cons,
We find that it is cheap to talk;
And if we would but try it out,
We'd also find it cheap to walk.
Then why not rise each sunbright morn,
And take a five or ten-mile hike?
'Tis healthier than motoring
Or sitting straddle of a bike.
In money, health and happiness,
I'm sure that you will make great gains;
And it will take no longer than
To wait for our delinquent trains.

We soon shall see an end to all
These holdup games we have endured
By scheming gunmen on the streets,
Or by the millionaire conjured.
The legal or illegal way,
What difference to us does it make;
They tie our hands and gag our jaws,
And every penny from us take.
But happiness is now in sight
For all who humbly wear the yoke,
As working men no longer work,
We altogether can go broke.
This little thought has come to me:
As sure as two and two make four,
When we are robbed of all we have,
They cannot rob us any more.

January 14, 1921.

THE BEARDED PIONEER

Old Father Time took down his book,
As he had often done before;
And with his fingers lean and gaunt,
He turned the pages, o'er and o'er.
He dwelled on ages past and gone,
When there was neither sign nor mark;
When Heavenly spheres were yet unmade,
When all the earth was void and dark.
He turned the pages quickly on,
To hide these pictures from his sight;
And turned to view the brighter scenes,
When over heaven and earth came light.
He saw the sun, the moon, the stars,
The waters deep, the mountains high;
And as the mist was swept away,
He there beheld the clear blue sky.
Still on he turned his wondrous book,
And progress marked its every page;
But there was nothing, nothing new,
To this old grizzled, bearded sage.
For every living, moving thing
That he reviewed along the way,
Was fresh within his memory still—
It all had happened in his day.

January 28, 1921.

JACK BARKER

Yes, Jack, good soul,
I long have known him well;
For eight and twenty years
We have been friends.
And I like you,
Shall lonesome feel, and grieved,
To know that here

Companionship now ends.
Like as a brother
Jack has been to me,
And oft befriended me
In needful days;
And as a brother
He would be to all
Who acted on the square,
As were his ways.

Jack's folks were poor,
That is in worldly wealth,
But this did not
Dispel their happiness;
To his good parents
Fifteen children came,
Their humble home
To brighten, and to bless.
But they were rich,
In principles that make
The host of goodly women
And good men;
And when the hours
Of trial came, in Jack
These principles
Have oft reflected been.

Jack rose above
Discouragement and fear,
He worked, he toiled,
And gathered still to give;
And in the sunshine
Of his cheerfulness,
His neighbors found
A pleasant spot to live.
His faithful wife,
A home-like woman she,
Toiled but to aid,
And joy and comfort lend;

His bright young son
And merry daughters three,
Right royal cheered
His pathway, to the end.

Yes, Jack is gone,
But he has left with friends,
The memory of his
True and noble deed;
And for his loved ones,
He has left a home,
And in it
All that joy and comfort needs.
Weep not for Jack,
Nor look for better men,
For noble acts
Are written in his book;
A holier one
Perhaps you'll meet each day,
But for a better man
I shall not look.

February 4, 1921.

DAN CUPID'S LORE

Oh rarest jewel of Nature's make,
For thee I pine and sigh;
Thou art the peach bloom of my cheek,
The apple of my eye.
If I should choose with thee to mate,
I pray thou wilt not hesitate.

If I with you should stand a show,
Pin on a rose that I may know;
But if for me you do not care,
Entwine a thistle in your hair.

My brave and noble Sampsonite,
Upon the gridiron thou didst shine;
And as they cheered thy Herculean strength,
I vowed that I would claim thee mine.
My every dream is now of thee,
My heart with love does heave and groan;
Thy padded shoulders, arms and shins
And bushy head, is all my own.

The stars that shine, the moon that beams,
The Artist's brush, the mind that dreams,
Can picture naught so gay and bright
As you appear to me tonight.

With eyes that challenges the hawk,
With form and face that makes 'em talk;
Upon the sands that bank the shore
I first did learn to you adore;
Oh lovely pearl, thou art a beaut—
I saw thee in a bathing suit.

Oh dame with locks now streaked with gray,
With smile still sweet, with voice still gay,
Within my humble presence shine
And claim me for thy Valentine.

February 11, 1921.

THE SIGN OF SPRING

Though winter time is with us still,
And springtime full a month away,
The sun is shining warm and bright,
And youngsters with their marbles play.
Though many signs of spring appear,
There is but one the Muser heeds;
And this the truest sign of all—
Our Congressman has sent his seeds.

The morrow snow and sleet may bring,
The wind may roar in bliss sublime;
A blizzard storm may rant and race,
To prove it is still winter time.
But worry not about the storms,
Nor what the weather metre reads,
Just know that spring is close at hand—
Our Congressman has sent his seeds.

The grass and buds may spring afresh,
The ducks and geese fly to the north;
The robin, bluejay and the thrush,
May from their southern homes come forth.
The waters in the old Des Plaines
May wash away each germ that breeds;
The Postman brings the truest sign—
Our Congressman has sent his seeds.

Spring candidates are looming up,
And soon we'll hear a lot of trash;
The tax collector tells us he
Is ready now to take our cash.
The signs of spring are everywhere,
But over all, the one that leads,
And causes us to smile, is this—
Our Congressman has sent his seeds.

So in the hot beeds throw your seeds,
Let each one get into the game;
They may grow better in the Alps,
But we must try them just the same.
Oh what a joy it is to feel,
The end of winter now is here;
Our Congressman hangs out the sign,
And merry spring will soon appear.

February 19, 1921.

THE JOYMAKER'S INVITATION

Come fellows, and join our community club,
It's honorable organization,
It is romping along like a two-year-old colt,
And daily it wins admiration.
Its work is uplifting, its purpose is good,
It's the sturdiest spoke in our hub,
We want to delight you,
And so we invite you,
To join our community club.

Oh say; have you heard our Community Band?
Its music is mellow and clear,
And the chords that in harmony rise, swell and fall,
Make a sound that is good to the ear.
They're a bunch of old-timers, and all have come back,
And they play with a spirit that's grand,
If you're down in the dumps,
Or been hitting the bumps,
Come and hear our Community Band.

Do you ever come out to the concerts we give?
Did you go to our free vaudeville?
We've a bunch of good artists, who in a short time,
Can put on an up-to-date bill.
They chalk, talk, read, play, sing and do magic stunts,
And among them there isn't a dub,
It was really a treat,
And not easy to beat,
The South End Community Club.

Again we would ask you to come swell our ranks,
Again we would ask you to join,
It will cost you each month just a trifle for dues,
And no one is grabbing the coin.

Help to make life a pleasure, help build up our town,
With neighbors and friends elbows rub,
Come, don't make a holler,
Come, kick in a dollar,
Come join our Community Club.

February 25, 1921.

A MUSICAL CALAMITY IN ONE ACT

Entitled "The Last Day of the Fellow Who Was"

(Musicless.)

Place—The White House.
Time—March 4, 1921.

The Clock:
Arise, arise, this is the day,
That you must abdicate,
And we must primp and clear the way,
For our new Potentate.
'Tis true we hate to see you go,
But you've been here eight years you know,
Mid sunshine and disaster.
Now you must hustle out and let
The others come right in and get
The spoils they are after.
Arise, arise and abdicate,
Today, comes our new Potentate.

Pantry and Kitchen.
Pantry:
Good morning Sir, and Mrs. too,
The clock has given warning.
And I am here to ask of you,
What will you have this morning?
My veins, my arteries and pores
Are loaded down with goodly stores.
Kitchen: The clock has given warning,
Shall it be waffles and poached eggs,

Or quail on toast this morning.
P. & K.: We're sorry you must go,
But voters in the U. S. A.
Have said it must be so.

Breakfast Room:
Oh happy family, I today
Am filled with grief and pain,
For I am told, that you with me
Shall never be again.
Our mornings have been gay
As birds and flowers of May,
This news was sad to me,
And at my breakfast table
I shall miss your tete-a-tete.

The Wine Cellar:
Kind sir, with trembling voice I speak
For I am daily growing weak.
I'm not supposed to be here,
And I have so neglected been
That I am feeling quite all in,
But still I offer you cheer,
And ere my waning life they throttle,
Good Sir, pray take from me this bottle.

Guest Chambers:
Come servants, brush us up a bit,
And smooth and straighten out our clothes,
Our old friends beat the trail today,
And others here will soon repose.
They come today,
From far away,
And some perhaps will try to stay,
So come and answer our request,
And fix us up for our new guest.

East Room:
The scenes that I have witnessed here
Again in history now appear,
With pomp, and pride, and ostentation
Another great inauguration.
And if the people of this land
Could here behold the sight,
I think with me they would agree,
That Darwin must be right.

Ball Room:
In dream, again within these walls,
I hear the strains of music sweet,
With laughter gay and merry calls,
And sounds of happy tripping feet,
While up and down in groups and rows,
A wealth of grace and beauty flows.
Alas, 'tis but a dream,
Things are not as they seem,
For here tonight there's not to be
The custom of a century.
I'm dark and cold, and in a sorry plight,
For I am told, there is no ball tonight.

Ensemble Finale:
Farewell, farewell to thee,
Who must depart today
From under our dome
To your far away home,
You must hustle and bustle away.
Again we sing to thee, farewell,
We can no longer stay,
We're all in a hurry,
We're all in a flurry,
And we must haste away;
And as we end our song, farewell,
May joy speed thee along, farewell,
Farewell for aye, farewell!

March 4, 1921.

FARMER JOHN

I have no fear for '21,
Nor doubts for '22,
I know I shall have plenty,
And there'll be enough for you.
The scare heads in the daily press,
I view with no alarm,
For Johnnie Seaman tells me,
He is going on a farm.

Perhaps you don't know Johnnie,
If not, just let it pass,
He was a famous member,
Of the famous '20 Class.
He is young, he's big and husky,
He is full of vim and fire,
And working eighteen hours a day,
I know he will not tire.

Now, John, if you will listen,
I will have a word with you,
For I was raised upon a farm,
And know a thing or two.
To sidestep grief and trouble,
I should like to tell you how,
Do not try to fill your milk pail
From the left side of a cow.

When out into the field you go,
If you a horse would ride,
Be sure and face the horse's ears,
When e'er you sit astride.
Of course, you can ride either way,
But when you face about,
The boss may think you're coming in,
When you are starting out.

When the sun shines, mow the meadow,
Grass will not dry in the rain,
Count not the chicks before they're hatched,
Or you may count again.
And when the husking season comes,
The season of good cheer,
Kiss the farmer's daughter every time
You husk a bright red ear.

For an answer to this mystery,
The whole world seems athirst,
And I'm sure that John will solve it,
Was the egg or hen here first.
But I know that our country,
Is safe and free from harm,
And I shall sleep sound nightly,
While John is on the farm.

March 11, 1921.

A REPLY TO WALT MASON

Say, did you read Walt Mason's verse,
Last Wednesday in the News,
Oh married man, he has a way,
To heal you of the blues,
If you have tired and weary grown,
Of non-success through life,
Just rake and scrape up all the blame,
And lay it on your wife.

Walt says a million Hicks' wives,
Oh merry; what a sin,
Go daily toddling out in groups,
And blow the earnings in.
And then each gathers up a gang,
And feeds them in the home,
And Hicks men cannot save a buck,
This side of kingdom come.

There well may be a million wives,
With nothing much to do,
For there are fifteen million more,
Who work the whole day through.
There well may be a million wives,
Who daily tilt the lids,
For there are fifteen million more
At home, and nursing kids.

I'm sure there are a million Hicks,
Who daily like their booze,
I'm sure there are a million more,
Who have their smokes and chews.
I'm sure there are a million Hicks,
Who for their joy and cheer,
Blow in more money every month
Than wives do in a year.

I am not posing as a saint,
But I am on the square,
And I see fifteen million wives,
All trying to do their share.
And if a million Hicks' wives,
Help not, in making gains,
No doubt they are hooked up with boobs
Who like them, use no brains.

And so I read Walt's story,
As related by the press,
And just what he is driving at,
It is not hard to guess.
The working man has long been blamed
For all our grief and strife,
And now they seek to make him
Discontented with his wife.

But stick together workingmen,
And stick together wives,
And do the very best you can,
In leading useful lives.
Some day your rights will be observed,
In spite of all their tricks,
And in spite of all the junk they write,
Of careless Mrs. Hicks.

March 18, 1921.

BLUE LAW DAYS

Oh, the frightful aggravation,
Merciless exaggeration,
Grief and gloom perpetuation,
Of the W. C. T. U.
Blue laws they are now inventing,
Rigid, fierce, and unrelenting,
All our pleasures circumventing,
Wonder what next they will do.

No more mugs and glasses clinking,
Foamless, tasteless slush we're drinking,
And good money men are sinking,
For the moonshine and home brew.
And the old world grows no better,
Than it was when days were wetter,
Those who live up to the letter
Of the law, are sad and blue.

No more smoking, no more chewing,
No more Sunday auto wooing,
With the movies, nothing doing,
On the blessed Sabbath day.

No more Turkish cigaretties,
For the bright and gay soubretties,
No fox trots and minuetties,
Heaven then should head this way.

Babies soon must cease their crying,
Mothers must refrain from sighing,
And the sick postpone their dying,
And for blue laws have regard.
Winsome maiden with her lover,
'Round the water faucet hover,
For alas, they will discover,
Soda fountains locked and barred.

Man who was so highly rated,
Soon will be humiliated,
For ere long he will be slated
To sit home and twirl his thumbs.
For my jinks to me discloses,
As he in deep thought reposes,
We shall be as meek as Moses,
When the blue laws period comes.

March 25, 1921.

CONTENTMENT SOUGHT

Contentment, sweet elusive principle,
Where is thy dwelling place?
Where in this vast and mighty universe,
Can I behold thy face?
Long have I sought thy gentle smile,
And peaceful brow,
And still I seek for thee, but know thee not,
Contentment, where art thou?

Contentment, joy and happiness combined,
Why dost thou hide away?
Come forth now from thy unknown, unseen home,
And with me stay.
Fane would I see thy form
And hear thy tone,
But still apart from thee I live,
And live alone.

Contentment, soothing, restful being,
One glimpse pray give,
That I may learn of thee,
And how to live.
Come from the caverns dark,
Where thou must hide,
Caress this weary soul,
With me abide.

April 1, 1921.

SPRING

Each morning we awake, the gay twitter of birds,
Floats forth from the bushes and trees,
While the song of the robin and trill of the lark,
Is wafted along with the breeze.
The grass in the meadow now sparkles with dew,
And the sun rises golden and bright,
And the purring of aeroplane motors at dawn,
Make music before it is light.

The farmer is busy with harrow and plow,
And is sowing his wheat and rye,
Though he gets nothing now, he whistles a tune,
For the harvest that comes bye and bye.
Young colts, calves and pigs all now frolic about,
And the lambkins are skipping at play,
The roosters are free from the cold storage house,
And the old hens are busy today.

This week in our schoolhouses quietness reigns,
There isn't the sign of a kid,
The desks have grown dusty, the lockers are closed,
On work they have closed down the lid.
To rivers and meadows, to woodland and hills,
The youngsters in numbers have flown,
But the schoolrooms are still and deserted today,
And the janitors hustle alone.

There is still another I must not forget,
He is up at the break of day,
He is as cheerful as songbirds that warble their tunes,
As the flowers of the meadows, as gay,
With fork, rake and hoe, and a bushel of seeds,
He is hustling until dark every night,
If you would behold him, I bid you to look,
'Round the home of our Su bur ban ite.

And now I have sung of thee, beautiful Spring,
And welcome thy coming again,
And the birds and the flowers, the woods and the fields,
Will welcome thy sunshine and rain.
I too must join in with the workers I find,
And help with the joys that they bring,
So I'll plant some new seeds in my garden of thought,
And let them grow fresh with the spring.

April 8, 1921.

MY LITTLE OLD SHACK

At daybreak I go to my little old shack,
    And it daily grows dearer to me.
The days in succession I've spent 'neath its roof
    Number just sixteen hundred and three.

The days we call Sunday mean little to me,
And holidays nothing at all,
For I work all the while throughout the winter and spring,
And hustle through summer and fall.
When the gay dawn is breaking or night's shadow close,
From home I go forward and back,
And day after day, as the years roll away,
I am found at my little old shack.

In width it is narrow, in length it is short,
And its roof is foursided and low,
Unpretentious it sits and a usefulness serves
To the hundreds who pass to and fro.
The windows are high and are only half size,
And its wall and its ceiling are bare,
And the boards of the floor are fast wearing away,
And of space there is little to spare.
But the old shack and I, very much like old pals,
Stick together beside of the track,
And four or five hundred good people each day,
Greet me and my little old shack.

So day after day, as the years roll along,
Each morn to this old shack I go,
And though it is small, it's a shelter for me;
And I'm free from the rain and the snow.
It was in this old shack that Tom's Corner was born,
And that Alspice and Ginger won fame,
That each little verse in this book was composed,
Was written and given a name.
And as I reviewed all the chimes for this book,
I found but one thing did they lack,
So I have here written to make them complete,
This rhyme of my little old shack.

April 15, 1921.

"And four or five hundred good people each day greet me and my little old shack"

THE APRIL STORM

For days the sun shone bright and warm,
The winter winds had passed away,
The buds, the blossoms and the flowers,
Were bursting forth in colors gay.
And every shrub and bush and vine,
In gladness sipped the morning dew,
While every tree on every hill,
In sunshine green, and greener grew.
On every side at break of day,
The birds in joy and glee did sing,
And carrolled forth in sweetest strains,
A grateful welcome to the spring.
All hearts were gay, all faces bright,
And voices spoke in thankfulness,
That winter drear had passed and gone,
And warm, bright spring had come to bless,
When lo, the clouds began to rise,
And cast their shadows o'er the hill,
The warm bright sunshine sank from view,
The winds grew cold, the air grew chill.
Still dark and darker grew the clouds,
Obscuring all the brightness there,
And loud and louder grew the winds,
And cold and colder grew the air.
And as the shades of darkness fell,
And earth and sky was hid from view,
In all his might the Storm King rose,
His ruthless, frightful work to do.
The icy rain in torrents fell,
The cold sleet beat against the pane,
The wind in fierceness howled and shrieked,
Then sobbed and sighed, then roared again.
One night, one day the storm raged on,
With wild destruction in its trail,
The frenzied birds in terror sought
A shelter from the frigid gale.

And when the storm clouds passed away,
On every tree and vine was seen
A sheet of glittering ice and snow,
Where all had been so fresh and green.
The cherry blossoms drooped their heads,
The lilac buds in anguish cried,
The bright gay tulips one by one,
Had withered in the blast and died.
And ere the Storm King passed along,
He viewed his work with visage grim,
He smiled and leered as though to say,
The hell he wrought was joy to him.
Destruction, desolation, woe
In every manner, shape, and form,
And long in memory's home shall dwell
The wild, fierce, cruel, relentless storm.

April 22, 1921.

"THE BOYS OF '98"

To meet with our soldiers again we are called,
To answer should be our delight,
The place, is the New Maywood Theatre House,
The time, is May 6th, Friday night.
We cheered them along when they fought for the flag,
And so let us greet them again,
The boys of the Spanish-American War,
The boys who remembered the Maine.

From far off Manilla we heard the glad news
One bright, sunny morning in May,
When Dewey said, "Gridley, let us go when you like,"
And Gridley at once blazed away.
And when the smoke cleared, for the Spaniards they looked,
But they looked for their fleet all in vain,
For it rested beneath the blue waves of the bay,
Dewey's boys had remembered the Maine.

To a scene all victorious, again let us turn
Where the good ships of Sampson and Schley,
For Spain's gallant defenders did patiently wait,
And they met on the third of July.
Then shells from the gunboats of Evans and Clark,
Went forth like a downpour of rain,
And Cervera's prize fleet, met an awful defeat,
From the boys who remembered the Maine.

And now of our army a word I must speak,
For they all had a part in the game,
The Infantry boys and the Cavalry, too,
For Old Glory won honor and fame.
In union they met, when the last stand was made,
And they took all the fight out of Spain,
And with Teddy's Rough Riders swept San Juan hill,
Shouting loudly, remember the Maine.

That is all, nothing more, the glad victory was won,
And our statesmen then settled the war,
And a lesson of decency gave to the world,
Such as was never given before.
So remember the place, and remember the date,
Come line up, and greet them again,
Encourage them, honor them, ever be proud
Of the boys who remembered the Maine.

April 29, 1921.

MAY

Come forth in brightness, happy May,
That we again may tell the story
Of Nature's glad and cheerful way,
And of thy wondrous, verdant glory.
Let all the hosts in rapture see,
The happiness that comes with thee.

Come forth, oh May, and let thy sun,
In warmth and brightness shine,
And warm to life the buds and flowers,
And greener grow each tree and vine,
And let the twilight shadows ring
With joy that come, but to the spring.

Come forth, oh May, and calm thy breeze,
That floats in waves of listlessness,
And bear the tidings near and far,
That thou art here to save and bless,
And let thy rills and brooklets flow,
In joy and laughter as they go.

Come forth, oh May, and let the sound
Of song birds greet our ears again,
And build their nests about our homes,
And warble forth in joyous strain.
Teach them to sing around the door,
And cheer the aged, and the poor.

Come forth, oh May, and recreate
The buds, the blossoms and the flowers,
And in their colors bright and gay,
With sweetest fragrance deck our bowers,
In meadow, woodland and in field,
Let nature all her beauties yield.

Come forth in brightness gentle May,
And shine in friendship, love and peace,
And bid the thought of woe and care,
Of anger and of sorrow cease,
And oh what joy to have this day,
Companionship with thee, sweet May.

May 6, 1921.

THE STEWARTS AT THE DERBY

John Stewart is a quiet man,
And quiet is his wife,
The eight years they are married,
They have lived a quiet life.
And John like all good druggists,
Has little time for play,
He keeps long hours, and his store
Is open every day.
But John is fond of all good sport,
And so is Mrs. John,
So they planned a trip to Louisville,
When Derby Day was on.

So Derby Day at last drew near,
The sun shone fair and bright,
The weather man looked from his tower,
But not a cloud in sight.
To get a room he sent a wire
To every good hotel,
Back came the answers, nothing doing,
And poor John's spirits fell.
Unto his little wife he said,
I'm sorry as can be,
She answered him, dear I'm a sport,
We'll roost up in a tree.

John bought a nice new pair of shoes,
Silk socks, new hat and tie,
No bridegroom e'er outshone him,
He was dressed up fit to die.
And happy, cheerful, Mrs. John,
Was surely looking swell,
And John said, dear, you'll sure outclass
The famous southern belle.
So Friday morning away they went,
To old Kentucky blue,
And just what happened on the trip,
I now must tell to you.

As o'er the rails they sped along,
John's shoes began to pinch,
He said, if they act like this
I'll can them, that's a cinch.
When Louisville at last was reached,
To find a room they tried,
They hired a taxi driver,
And on this coon relied.
Eight times around the block he drove,
Then at a door did knock,
And John coughed up 4.50
For the ride around the block.

Your suppa suh, $9.00,
Said the waiter with a laugh,
But stick until next Tuesday,
We'll cut the price in half.
Would you like to see a prize fight?
Said Stewart to his wife.
She said, I'm here to see the sport,
I'll go, you bet your life.
But ladies fair were not allowed,
The boxing bouts to see,
John said, we'll see a show, then quit,
These shoes are killing me.

On Saturday the morning broke,
With bright and shining sun,
As perfect day as ever saw,
A southern derby run.
Kentuckians of every class,
From mountain, vale and hill,
In crowds, in groups, in squads patrolled
The streets of Louisville.
The old town decked in colors gay,
All free from woe and strife,
A hearty welcome gave to all,
Including John and wife.

Then to the race track they repaired,
Oh rapture, what a scene,
Great beds of flowers in fragrance sweet,
Abloom in fields of green,
And circling round this famous track,
Were stables, barns and shed.
Where Morgan's raiders once held forth
Fine blooded steeds now fed,
While bands up in the grand stand played,
From many southern towns,
And wealth and beauty, young and old,
Made joy at Churchill Downs.

Race No. 1 was called at last,
Mid cheers and mingled din,
John wagers fifty on his choice,
And draws one fifty in.
Then 2 and 3 were run in turn,
They had not long to wait,
John picked the winning horse each time,
And cashed in three times straight.
The crowd around our hometown friends,
Could not refrain their joys,
The band played Old Kentucky Home,
John whistled Illinois.

And then the race of world-wide fame,
With fortunes won and lost,
When horse and rider show their worth,
Nor fear nor count the cost.
With arching necks and nimble feet,
These beauties one by one,
Parade before the cheering throng,
All eager for the fun.
Behave Yourself, Behave Yourself,
John's wife excited cried,
John slid out to the betting ring,
I'll try dear, he replied.

Behold him bet his parlay wad,
All eyes upon him gazed,
To see a Scotchman loosen up,
Kentuckians were amazed.
He played the favorite horse to win,
Then to his seat returned,
His collar laid back limp and soft,
And how those new shoes burned.
The gong rang out, they're off he heard,
Black Servant's hot ahead,
But when they moved around the curve,
Hi-lo, and Top Notch led.

They flashed around the second turn,
Then down the stretch they came,
And Bradley's beauties neck and neck,
Seemed sure to win the game.
Behave Yourself, shot in ahead,
Black Servant won a place,
John said, I've lost the roll, I played
Black Servant in this race.
I told you John, Behave Yourself,
You booby, don't you see?
I do now dear, but then I thought
You meant those words for me.

Still full of pep as when they went,
The Stewarts home have come,
They're glad they went to see the race,
They're glad that they are home.
John's right foot now two ring bones has,
All swollen, red and sore,
While his left pedal now is swabbed,
With Kendall's spavin cure,
Still like a gay old sport he smiles,
Through all his grief and pain,
But Mrs. S. will place the bet,
When the Derb's run again.

May 20, 1921.

IN MEMORIAM

Compensation

(Copyrighted, 1921, by Tom Burgoyne.)

To the memory of our nephew, Corporal George R. Butterfield, Holland, Mich., killed in action, France, September, 1918, this poem is lovingly dedicated. Thomas E. and Elizabeth Butterfield Burgoyne.

What is the compensation
For the numberless soldier dead,
Who fell in the gory conflict,
And for us their life blood shed.
Is it the words we utter,
When we speak of their sacrifice?
Is it in songs oft written,
Reward for their service lies?
Is it the wreath and banner,
We place on the soldier's grave?
Are these the compensation,
For the life that the soldier gave?

What is the compensation,
For the parents whose fond hearts yearn,
For the youthful form that has left them,
And will never again return.
Is it the farewell message?
Is it the blood-stained sword?
Is it the battered helmet?
Is it the last fond word?
Is it the tears that trickle
Down o'er the pallid cheek?
Are these the compensation
Fathers and mothers seek?

What is the compensation
That sweethearts and wives would own,
Brothers and sisters, loved ones,
All who are left alone.
Is it the days of youthtide,
Living in memory now?
Is it the sacred promise?
Is it the care-worn brow?
Is it the thought of evenings,
Once spent in a happy home?
Are these the compensations
That to the loved ones come?

What is the compensation,
For all our great woe and strife,
For all this wide destruction,
This so-called loss of life?
Is it our cherished freedom
Spreading from sea to sea?
Is it our equal justice?
Is it our liberty?
Is it our flag unconquered,
Heedless of victory's cost?
Would all this compensate us,
If one brave soul was lost?

What is the compensation,
When in the raging fight,
All earthly ties are severed,
Battling to do the right.
What is the compensation,
Wherein can justice be,
If one is lost forever,
And we forever free.

Is the reward for service
Death, in a silent grave?
No, there is something better
For every soldier brave.

What then the compensation,
Jesus to all has said,
God's gift is Life Eternal,
Therefore, there is none dead.
Death then is but a rebirth,
Into a higher plane,
There to grow brighter, happier,
Free from material pain.
This then the compensation,
For this thought may we strive,
Perfect in health and beauty,
Somewhere ALL still survive.

May 27, 1921.

THE SPEED-LESS HOSPITAL

Far, far, far back in history
That is growing ancient now,
When gray hairs and I were strangers
And youth shown on my brow.
Then far across the ocean wide
The cannons loudly roared,
And high above the carnage red
The bombing airships soared.
When fighting raged at Dead Man's hill,
And o'er the Marne's swift tide
War compliments from twelve-inch guns
Were tossed from side to side.
When history was being made
Each day on Flander's Field,
When armies grappled in death's clinch

And neither side would yield,
When thousands of our noble boys
Were wounded every day,
And hundreds lay in makeshift camps,
And sick rooms far away.
When mothers bravely fought with fear
And battled with distress,
And tried to see a gleam of light
Through war's black awfulness.
From off the wires there came one day
A pleasant bit of noise,
Our speedway would be turned into
A home for wounded boys.
As waters rush out o'er the falls,
As meteors drop at night,
As Tam O' Shanter rode his steed,
As bats fly in their fright,
Great gangs of men rushed wildly forth
With hammers, picks and bars,
There ne'er was seen such reckless haste,
Beneath the sun or stars.
The Speedway track was soon a wreck,
The grandstand laid to waste,
'Twould take a mighty hurricane
To beat this awful haste.
For overtime they gladly paid,
Regardless of the cost,
It seemed to make but little odds
A million saved or lost.
But this was all so long ago,
The writer now regrets
That to you all he must confess
This much he now forgets,
But long ago the work slowed down,
The Speedway is no more.
A Speed-less Hospital now stands
Unfinished at our door,
We cannot stop to tell you
Of the ifs, the ands and why,

But our village gave them water,
Or the place would still be dry,
And though the years still come and go,
No sewer do they get.
And unless our village helps again,
The place will soon be wet,
There seems no end to excuses
That have caused this long delay.
And there seems no end to red tape
That is used there, so they say,
And we hear it told from platforms
By those who ought to know,
That our sick and wounded soldiers
To our poor farms have to go.
And the people now are asking
What this Speed-less place is for,
So I'll answer, we may need it
When we have another war.

June 3, 1921.

THE CALL OF THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
Far down in the woods I could hear his call
As the sun sank low o'er the western hill,
And the twilight shadows began to fall,
And his notes rang clear as a silver bell,
As his cry went forth with a merry strain,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
Then all grew quiet and still again.

Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
As a piercing arrow swift and straight,
And a welcome lodging it ever found
In the heart and soul of his nesting mate,
For she knew her lover so true and bold
Would all through the darkness a vigil keep,

Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
Rang out once more as she fell asleep.
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
As he perched near my window, I heard his song,
And I roused from my slumber to watch him there,
For he slept not, nor rested, the whole night long,
And he seemed to chuckle and laugh with glee
As I lightly tapped on the window pane,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
As he flew away,
And it echoed back through the dells again.

Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
Oh bird of the silver and golden tongue,
Of faithfulness, patience and love you teach
As you watch o'er your mate with her helpless young,
As from place to place in your nightly flight
Through the woods, the glens and the dells so still,
May we learn to endure and to love your call,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will.

June 3, 1921.

OUR HIGHWAY'S NEEDS

There seems much agitation now,
About our boulevards,
Some want the pavement smooth and soft,
Some want it rough and hard,
But it is up to you and I
In this to have our say.
Should Brown and White decide the thing,
When Smith and Jones must pay.

Of course, we know that Brown and White
Will drive along this street,
But so will Lizzie, Jane and Sue,
And Harry, Bill and Pete.
If Smith and Jones cannot agree,
No use to make a fuss,
Call in Judge Landis and myself
And leave the thing to us.

Some housewives make the bread of flour,
While others whole wheat choose,
Some make pie crust of flour and lard,
While some must leather use.
And many like to put a stick
In every drink they quaff,
Then why not compromise on streets,
And make them half and half.

Some people cannot well endure
Life's road of jolts and thumps,
While others never did progress,
Until they hit the bumps.
So I would say to Brown and White,
Suggest to Smith and Jones,
One side be paved with feathers
And one with cobble stones.

June 17, 1921.

RECOGNITION

Oh friends, this is a joyous day,
We're recognized at last,
And thousands upon thousands now,
Are learning of us fast.
For years we've plodded bravely on,
And now receive our dues,
The critic gives us his O. K.,
Within The Daily News.

On June sixteenth, page twenty-nine,
The News in headlines tells
Of one who each day in his shack
Has philosophic spells.
And when conclusions he has reached,
He types them into rhymes,
And fills The Booster's pages with
His jingles and his chimes.

But better still, The Daily News,
The poet's story gives
Of this unfinished hospital,
Wherein no soldier lives.
And if The Maywood Booster's poet
Dared but speak his mind,
He'd rhyme up his philosophy,
And startle all mankind.

But merrily we'll jog along,
Toward the hall of Fame,
And on the mighty roster there,
Some day you'll find our name.
Our hearts are gay, our faces bright,
No more we have the blues,
And for the sunshine of our smile
We thank THEE, Daily News.

June 24, 1921.

COMING EVENTS

Oh, yes, it is up to us again,
To make this celebration sane,
And join the grand parade once more,
Or watch it ramble by the door.
To once again fling out the flag
In colors bright, or tattered rag,
To praise our nation loud and long,

And proudly sing our Nation's song.
To read the lines our Father's wrote,
And tell of them whom our warriors smote,
To have a part in everything
That has an independent ring.
And when the fireworks display
Has closed the program for the day,
Back home we go with heedless heart,
When conscience wakes us with a start
And says, "Sir, will you kindly state
Where is this thing you celebrate."

From o'er the sea we understand,
Comes mighty Mr. Slugs,
And waiting for him over here,
Is clever Mr. Mugs.
The half a million dollars,
Is held in ready cash,
To hand out to the fistic giant
Who lands the knockout smash.
We understand that France will send
Four hundred to this shore,
'Twould better be if France would spend
That money on her poor,
But thousands of our own will go
To see this bloody fray,
In justice then, to France and all,
We haven't much to say,
But just one little thought I'll drop,
And this one with regret,
We now can see as others saw,
All fools are not dead yet.

July 1, 1921.

CONSOLATION

Ofttimes the morning breaks in gloom and sadness,
And clouds of darkness gather drear and low,
And through the mist that lingers by the wayside,
I wend my way with feeble steps and slow,
But ere the morn has spent her cheerless moments,
Above the clouds, I see a gleam of light,
And through the mist, a still, small voice is whispering,
What is, is right.

Ofttimes when mid-day's hour is slowly passing,
And through the clouds no sunshine can I see,
For doubt, fear, lack of confidence combining,
Obscures the light that is so dear to me.
But ere the hour is followed by another,
The veil is lifted that obscures my sight,
For once again I hear that same voice saying,
What is, is right.

Ofttimes when twilight shades are slowly falling,
And love and peace are strewn along the way,
Then anger, hatred, malice lend their forces,
To taunt and curse me at the close of day.
But patience, love, endurance, all appearing,
Give comfort through the long and restless night,
And through the darkness comes that soft, sweet murmur,
What is, is right.

Oh Life, oh Love, oh God, send this one answer,
Tell me wherein, and how, and why I fail,
That I may solve today, tomorrow, sometime,
One of the million mysteries that prevail,
Strengthen my thoughts that I may fight on bravely,
Teach me thy way to win the victory bright,
And let these words still be my consolation,
What is, is right.

July 8, 1921.

THE FOOL QUESTION

There's a bunch of foolish questions
That are sprung on us each day,
And we've answered them for many, many years,
And they often are so foolish
And unnecessary too,
That at times strong men are moved to grief and tears,
But the price of foolish questions,
That I'm hearing every hour
As in this torrid wave I roast and stew,
Yes, I swelter, boil and sizzle,
But still some boob will ask,
"Well, mister, is this hot enough for you?"

I have answered foolish questions
Fully three and thirty years,
Asked by those who will not use their own good brains,
And in quest of information
I have weak and weary grown,
And have realized but little for my pains.
And today I'm working hatless,
Without coat, vest or tie,
And my shirt is collarless and sleeveless, too.
But the thoughtless cast their optics
Straight upon my form and say,
"Well, mister, is this hot enough for you?"

I try not to be crabby,
In fact, I'd rather smile,
And with cheerfulness a hit I've often made,
But it surely gets my nanny
To hear this so often asked,
When it registers 100 in the shade.
But I know it's no use kicking,
For it seems, 'twas ever thus,
And no doubt when with this old world I am through,
Some south end gink will send
This wireless message down to me,
Old Timer, is it hot enough for you?

July 15, 1921.

VACATION TIME

Vacation days have come again
And some of them have gone,
They little mean to some of us,
For we must labor on,
But for the many it is nice,
With worry to be through,
And find a different place to go,
Some different thing to do.
These things they find in plenty,
And ere they hustle back,
They lose their load of worry,
And they get rid of their jack,
No matter how they navigate,
No matter where they roam,
They tolerate a thousand things
They wouldn't stand at home.
Some gather up a bunch of junk,
And tramp off to the lake,
In an open boat they sit
And blister, fish and bake,
And in an hour or two they're burned
As red as any lobster,
If their office chair was half as warm,
They'd quit their blooming job.
Some scramble up the mountains,
Some in an airship fly,
Some motor through the desert
O'er sands so hot and dry,
And some go out upon a farm
To get the rest they need,
Then hustle out at 3 a. m.,
And help to milk and feed.
Some pack a nifty picnic lunch,
And go out to the park
To sit around upon the green,
Until the day grows dark,
But when the lunch is spread about,

The flys are on the ham,
The bread is dry, the butter soft,
And bugs are in the jam.
But still vacation trips are nice,
And I should like to go,
Ten thousand miles away,
And stay a year or so.
And I, like the other folks, no doubt,
Would strive with might and main,
To get back home and be darn glad,
To go to work again.

July 22, 1921.

MODERN ROUN-DE-LAYS

I can not sing the old songs,
He warbled forth one day,
And then in smiling confidence
Began a modern lay.
His cylinders refused to hit,
His wires were all askew,
His spark plugs clogged, ignition failed,
And then a tire he blew,
His audience arose and said,
"Nor can you sing the new."

I'm wearing away, sang the wife of a year,
At the top of her voice did she screech,
And then she sprang into her bathing suit,
And prepared to go down to the beach,
Her husband gazed on her, and thoughtfully said,
As forth to the sands they did stray,
"My darling, that song was not written for you,
You are wearing too little away."

The ship of state went on the rocks,
The captain climbed on deck,
The swab hands gathered and prepared
To swat him on the neck,
But calm and bold he stood, and seemed
To have no fear at all,
And millions marveled at his nerve,
Because he was so small.

Where Des Plaines has ceased her flowing,
Where the huge mosquito grows,
Where the odors foul are blowing,
And you have to hold your nose,
Where the garbage dump is burning,
For a good night's sleep we're yearning,
And a lot of things we're learning,
Where Des Plaines has ceased to flow.

July 29, 1921.

A SIGN FOR THE TIMES

Every factory in this country
Should be running night and day,
Let the furnace fires be started
And get busy right away,
There's a sign that's badly needed,
Many millions could be used,
And a host of honest people
Would not be so much abused.
I think this new idea
To the nation should appeal,
The sign that is so much needed is,
Thou-Shalt-Not-Steal.

Every morning in the papers
In great headlines you can read
Of some poor cuss who has yielded
To that vulture, Human Greed.
He may be high up in office,
Or a good position hold,
He may be both weak and simple,
Or be daring, reckless, bold.
But he'd walk the chalk line straighter,
And much better he would feel,
Could he read this little safeguard,
Thou-Shalt-Not-Steal.

Let these signs go out in millions,
And be nailed up everywhere,
For the kleptomania habit
Is contagious in the air.
Far out upon the open sea,
In country or in town,
Even red-hot stoves are taken
Unless they are nailed down.
And in the barnyard on the farm,
Where porkers grunt and squeal,
Every ring-tailed pig should wear a tag,
Thou-Shalt-Not-Steal.

August 5, 1921.

THE BORROWED TIMER

Each week when Wednesday rolls around
At Grandpa Keun's domicile,
He rises from his night of rest
And on his face appears a smile.
His buttered toast is crisp and sweet,
His coffee, eggs and bacon prime,
They give him strength this day to greet
The boys who live on borrowed time.

When Grandpa's morning work is done,
He sits and rocks an hour or so,
And talks to Grandma Keun of
The days and years of long ago.
But when the noonday lunch is had,
His heart pulsates with merry chime,
And cheerfully he goes to meet
The boys who live on borrowed time.

The Borrowed Time Club's crowd of boys
Have passed their three score years and ten,
Grandpa has hit the four-score mark,
Is up and hustling on again.
And though his hair is snowy white,
His voice is soft, his thoughts sublime,
It keeps him young to meet each week,
The boys who live on borrowed time.

And when each hand is kindly pressed,
In unison their voices ring,
Blest be the tie that binds our hearts
In Christian love; he hears them sing.
This atmosphere of fellowship
Is warm and bright as southern clime,
And truth and goodness dominates
These boys who live on borrowed time.

So let us from our neighbor learn
To have no thoughts of doubt and fear,
And like him, right and ready be
To do the good we may do here.
And when our three-score years and ten
Have come and gone with joyous rhyme,
May we, like grandpa, still remain
And serve awhile on borrowed time.

August 12, 1921.

MY LOST CHARM

Oh, I once did know a beautiful girl,
A beautiful girl so fair,
Her eyes were of the azure hue
And golden was her hair,
Her teeth were as the polished pearl
And clear and pure her skin,
Her cheeks were flushed with the health of youth,
And dimpled was her chin.
Her lips were of the ruby tint,
And oh I loved her so,
But it's many a year,
Since I saw the dear,
This girl that I used to know.

I sat and watched this beautiful girl,
This beautiful girl so sweet,
She walked along with swan-like grace,
Her form was trim and neat,
Her voice was ever soft and low,
And winsome was her smile,
And though she tried to win me not,
I loved her all the while.
And as we sat in the twilight hours,
My heart was all aglow,
For I longed to kiss
The pretty miss,
This girl that I used to know.

My sands of life are running low,
I'm growing old and gray,
But never from my mind has been
My charm of youth's bright day,
In waking hours of her I think,
At night of her I dream,
This world is cold and dark to me,
And dreary does it seem,
And now you wish to know why I did not wed
The maiden I loved so,
Well, I'll tell you why,
'Cause another guy,
Won this girl that I used to know.

August 19, 1921.

THE NEEDED LINK

You may talk of New York's Broadway,
Of Columbia's avenues,
Of Chicago's lengthy boulevards,
Or any street you choose.
Of Berlin's famous driveway,
Where the fragrant Lindens blow,

Of London's lane called Petticoat,
Or any road you know,
But of one street I would like to speak,
The shortest but the best,
For it joins our little village
To the wild and woolly west.

There are pathways through the jungles
Where the kings of beasts parade,
There are cowpaths through the pastures
That the lowing herds have made.
There are pathways by the rivers,
Where the lovers stroll at night,
And a roadway Mother Earth has made
Around the sun so bright.
But from Harrison to Roosevelt Road,
There is a pathway new,
That links New York to Frisco,
And Podunk to Tim-buck-too.

Across this strip of pavement,
The autos up and down
Are zipping, whizzing, roaring
As they hustle through our town.
The old ones squeak and rattle,
And the new ones hum their song,
And they halt not at the midnight hour,
But hump the whole night long.
And the only thing that checks their rush,
Or stops the speeder's sport,
Is the motorcycle copper,
Who conducts them into court.

Columbus sought a passage out
Across the ocean blue,
And he knew he had found something,
But the truth he never knew.
And Nature for the Gulf stream

Made a pathway through the sea,
But when, and how, and why, and where
Is yet a mystery.
But right here now in Maywood,
Let this banner be unfurled,
We have handed you the needed link,
Now scoot on 'round the world.

August 26, 1921.

LOOKING BACK

How would you like to wander back
When railroads were a single track,
When horse and wagon on the street
Was quite the proper thing to meet;
When father knew a juicy steak,
When mother used to churn and bake,
And brother chop the wood;
When sister in her wide hoop skirt
With husky lad in jeans would flirt,
And win him if she could.

How would you like again to see
A cow tied to an apple tree,
Or turn back to the days again
When all by hand they bound the grain;
When boys went swimming by the score,
And Nature's bathing suits they wore;
And would you view again
The dude in his Prince Albert coat,
With long chin whiskers like a goat,
And in his hand a cane.

How would you like to wander back,
And have an honest, old time snack,
Or would you like to leave your door
Unlocked as in the days of yore;
And would you hear the songs they sang
That did not reek with smut and slang,
That Grandma used to know;
And how would all the young folks feel
If asked to join the old time reel
Or dance the heal and toe.

How would you like to watch your step
And save a little of your pep,
And some of nature's laws now heed
Instead of being pinched for speed.
How would you like a chance to bring,
Say, fifty-fifty on this thing,
We ought to mend our ways;
I have not many years to see
But you a lot can stay, if we
Bring back the good old days.

September 2, 1921

THE PASSING OF SUMMER

The mornings break later,
Each day shorter grows,
    And Old Sol is losing his strength,
The air cools a bit
As the twilight appears,
    And the nights are increasing in length.
The grass has turned brown,
The trees, shrubs and vines
    Have lost all their freshness of May,
And all things remind us,
Before and behind us,
    That summer is fading away.

The carolling birds
No more wake us at dawn.
They are gathering in flock for their flight.
The buds and the blossoms
Have withered and gone,
And the pumpkin grows yellow and bright.
Squirrel, Woodchuck and Chipmunk
Are storing their food,
And the cornfields grow riper each day.
Every word from the farm
Sounds out the alarm
That summer is fading away.

The piers and the beaches
Are lonesome and sad.
Deserted, the river and pool;
But the office and shop
Wear a picking up smile,
And the noise has begun at the school.
A low rattling sound
In the basement we hear;
Then the coalman appears for his pay.
The boy with his books
And his heart rending looks
Tell us summer is fading away.

The tourist has purchased
His last inner tube
And is bidding the highways farewell.
The gas and garage bills
Disturb him no more.
He is through with them for a spell.
Vacation has ended,
And visiting done;
There will be no more callers to stay.
Those who wander and roam
Have all beat it for home;
Yes, the summer is fading away.

September 9, 1921.

YOUR PURPOSE

Have a definite purpose each morn young man
As forth to your daily task you tread,
And let that purpose be just and right,
Then with smile and song, you will forge ahead.
Though the road seem rough and the work be hard,
Let your mind be clear and your thoughts be strong,
Then success will attend you on every hand,
And Definite Purpose will win ere long.

Have a definite purpose in view dear girl,
When you rise to your chosen work each day,
And let that purpose be good and true,
Then from joy's own path you will never stray.
And the smile of innocence you reflect
Will bring you the friends and the help you need,
And the harvest you reap will be purest grain,
Where Definite Purpose has won its seed.

Have a definite purpose my lad and maid,
When you enter into the married life,
For the richest blessings can only spring,
From a loyal husband and fruitful wife.
If success and happiness you would seek,
That protects the body and soothes the soul,
Let Definite Purpose be yours today,
Then stick to your motto, and win your goal.

September 23, 1921.

MY VACATION

Excuse me good people,
I'm nearly all in,
I'm tired of the rickety
Racket and din,
I'm restless at night

And I'm weary by day
I have had too much work
I've had too little play.
You all have your Sundays
And holidays, too,
The evenings and Saturdays
All are for you,
But the man who sells papers
Must be of good cheer,
And be right on the job
Every day of the year.

And so I am weary
And tired today,
With too much of work
And with too little play,
For nearly five years
I have met you each day,
And I'd like to sidestep you
And beat it away.

When Nature has finished
Each job, with a smile
She changes her garb
And vacations awhile,
And though water always
Goes rushing down hill,
When it reaches its level
It then becomes still.

And so I believe it
A very good plan,
That vacation should come
To each woman and man,
So here you will find
Ere you read these lines through,
I have laid off a week,
And wrote nothing for you.

Sept. 23, 1921.

THE OLD DES PLAINES

Up and down the old Des Plaines,
There the children used to ramble,
Through the narrow winding path,
In and out the bush and bramble,
Picking posies gay and bright,
Blooming sweetly by the way,
Warmed to life by April showers
Blossoming to flowers in May.
Wading in the clear, bright stream,
Fearing naught but spring time rains,
This is what they used to do,
Up and down the old Des Plaines.

Up and down the old Des Plaines
Through the Summer's pleasant weather
In the cool and shady wood,
Picnic crowds would daily gather.
Lunching in a shady spot
Where the sunbeams cannot stray,
Dancing on the soft, green swards,
Making merry all the day.
Swinging in the clinging vines,
Strolling through the shady lanes,
This is what they used to do,
Up and down the old Des Plaines.

Up and down the old Des Plaines,
Robin, Meadowlark and Pheasant,
With their songs and colors gay,
Making moor and woodland pleasant.
Furry creatures free and wild,
Frisking over banks and trees,
Unmolested in their work,
Hornets, wasps and busy bees,
Bull frogs chirping through the night
And at dawn the birds' sweet strains,
This is as it used to be,
Up and down the old Des Plaines.

Up and down the old Des Plaines
All these happy scenes have vanished,
Sad the change that now is here,
Man, all Nature's ways has banished.
Stagnant is the shallow stream,
Garbage heaps are standing near,
Insect pests in swarms abound,
Foul and putrid atmosphere.
Come forth men of honest mein,
Save us from our woes and pains.
Make life pleasant once again,
Up and down the old Des Plaines.

September 30, 1921.

THE PROVISO NEWS

This township paper we present,
For which you have been calling,
For many months we heard your cries,
At times they were appalling.
You have been loaded down with grief,
So we have come to bring relief
And drive away the blues;
So don your spectacles and smile;
Shake hands and tarry for awhile
With The Proviso News.

Like sunbeams, intellectual waves
Around us are vibrating,
And news from this great central point
Will soon be oscillating.
Some word from each surrounding town
Within these pages will be found.
We'll try to make it snappy,
If Jimmy Jones and Richard Roe,
And Willie Smith you learn to know,

You surely will be happy.
This township we shall try to boost,
And not be criticising.
We want to learn and print the truth.
We want your advertising.
We want to reach you far and near.
'Tis only fifty cents per year
To put you on our list;
And then with other U. S. mail
On every Friday it will sail
And land right in your fist.

Again we ask you to peruse
These pages so inviting,
And here, wise men their thoughts will be
Exchanging and uniting.
So if you ladies and you gents
Will now kick in with fifty cents
You sure will nothing lose;
Then you will meet with joy and cheer
By reading through the coming year
The new Proviso News.

October 7, 1921.

THE HAWKEYE STATE
I-O-A

There's a tender spot in the heart of man
For the home-like place that gave him birth,
And his native land in memory dwells
As the best and dearest place on earth.
It may be far in the rugged north
Mid the shrieking winds and the blinding snows,
Or down in the sunny southern clime
Where the flowers bloom and the cotton blows,
So the stories of old I-O-A,
I love to hear old friends relate,
'Tis the dearest spot on earth to me.
For I was born in the Hawkeye State.

Five and sixty years have come and gone
Since my parents moved to this prairie sea,
Where the timber wolves would howl at night,
And all nature rollicked, wild and free.
The old log house and the straw roofed shed
For man and beast gave warmth and cheer,
And the team of oxen was swift enough
For the sturdy, honest old pioneer,
But things grew better as time advanced,
For they started early and hustled late,
A school house was there when I arrived,
So I went to school in the Hawkeye State.

This dear old State with its rolling hills,
With its waving grain and its fields of corn,
With its pastures green and the grazing herds,
Is a pleasing scene on a summer's morn,
And its winding streams and shady woods
Make still more life-like the picture rare,
While thrift and industry hand in hand
Spread joy and confidence everywhere,
And the Hawkeye maiden staunch and true
Is a priceless pearl for a lifetime mate,
I have comfort and cheerfulness in my home,
For I married a girl in the Hawkeye state.

So with kindly words of that State by day,
And with pleasant dreams of that State at night,
And with recollections dear and sweet
Of the days of youthtide gay and bright,
With fond thoughts of loved ones resting there
On the sunny hill where the breezes play
I shall wend my way o'er life's rugged road
And sing the praise of our I-O-A.
And when earthly pleasures and joys have ceased,
When all life's trials and storms abate,
When my work is done and my book is closed,
These old bones shall rest in the Hawkeye State.

October 21, 1921.

"The school house was there when I arrived"

WARNING

Again we hear discordant sounds
And murmuring of threatened strike
And soon the wheels may silent be
That now go roaring down the pike.
The engines may be dead and cold
The throttle closed, the whistle still,
The fires drawn, the brakes all set
And not a ripple or a thrill.
'Tis sad these two industrial powers
Still kindle strife and discontent,
But we have little time to waste
With sympathy and sentiment.
The frosty mornings now are here,
The chilly nights are coming on,
Old Winter soon will drop around
And pleasant Autumn will be gone.
So we must get our pencils out,
And write our wants upon the slate,
And fill our bins with wood and fuel
Before they tie up all the freight.
There's goods of every kind on hand
So on yourselves now get ahump,
And in a week or two perhaps
We'll know which way the cat will jump.
Though should the engines silent be
And not a car pass o'er the rail,
All prices animated are
And they may jump, or soar and sail.

Oct. 21, 1921.

THE SIGHT OF THE BLIND

Think not of us as they who do not see,
For we behold the glory of the sun;
We know its warmth, its brightness and its glow,
We miss the sunshine when the day is done.
We see the beauty of the silent night,

Though thoughts of double darkness may arise.
From far-off fields of deepest azure hue
We feel the comfort of a thousand eyes.
We see the kindness of the gentle winds,
The softness of the rain drops as they play;
And in the laughing snowflakes, as they drive,
We see the merriest of Nature's way.
We see perfection in each fragrant flower,
Each creeping vine, each bush, each leaf,
Each trailing vine, each bush and spreading tree;
And as each plant develops day by day
The greatness of a master mind we see.
We see contentment in the laughing brook,
As merrily it journeys to the sea;
And in the song-birds' chorus we behold
The happiness they feel at being free.

Speak not of us as they who do not see,
For in the chords of music sweet we find
True thought and character, and thus behold
The beauty and the harmony of mind.
And from the true expression of the voice
We read the heart as though it were laid bare;
And in the touch of fingers or of lips
We learn if true affection lingers there.
And thus we recognize the atmosphere
That oft surrounds the characters we meet;
And mark the foot that moves with stealthlike tread,
And shun the voice that quivers with deceit.
So by our sight we study, ponder, think,
We reason and we strive to see the right;
All imperfections fade and disappear,
And justice points the way of duty bright.
Say not of us, then, that we do not see,
For in our daily work we seek and find
True sight is born of true intelligence,
And true intelligence is born of mind.

Oct. 28, 1921.

The above represents an old style No. 7 Remington typewriter. This is the model and make used by the writer in writing all of the articles in this book and for all his other writing the past five years, and he is still using it daily.

It is a second hand machine discarded by a Chicago firm when they equipped their office with more up-to-date Remington writers. Many Remington typewriters are operated by the blind, and those who do not make use of any should be encouraged to do so at once. The touch system is easily memorized and executed. Speed comes with practice, and it is not long until the new beginner is clicking merrily along.

Everyone who uses a typewriter finds it a pleasant and some a profitable occupation. This old No. 7 has made this book possible and has proven a great friend.

Not the end but Onward